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THE LIFE OF
THOMAS B. REED

By

Samuel W. McCall

From a three-column review in the Boston Transcript

"The best thing to say about McCall's 'Life of Thomas B. Reed' is that *everyone should read it.* It is quite impossible to dissect and analyze the work. As a whole, it gives a complete picture of the man and compels the reader to feel a sense of personal acquaintance and friendship with him. Very likely a biography of Thomas B. Reed more detailed and exhaustive will at some time be written and very likely his speeches will be put before the public with some measure of completeness, but *it is not too much to say that 'Tom' Reed will be known by McCall's book rather than by any other work, however complete.* Mr. McCall had many advantages for the undertaking of this work and his selection to prepare it for the Statesmen's Series was not only a happy but almost an inevitable one. He knew Mr. Reed well and intimately — very likely called him 'Tom' — certainly he himself was called 'Samuel,' for Mr. Reed eschewed the abbreviated form by which his biographer is best known. He served in Congress with him for eight years, delivered the oration at the unveiling of his statue at Portland, and, being selected by the family for the writing of the book, has had free access to the family papers. The great temptation for a man of Mr. McCall's scholarship and knowledge of the history for the last four decades must have been to overweight the book with the story of public affairs and to lose sight of the work as a biography. This temptation has been resisted. The running story of parties and politics and measures during Mr. Reed's public life is admirably but succinctly told, but the main purpose of the book is everywhere in evidence and current affairs are used only as a setting of the picture. Moreover, the author has allowed the subject to tell his own story and to create his own impression. It would have been an easy matter to cull from letters and speeches of Mr. Reed and from the numberless anecdotes told about him or attributed to him a book of quadruple the size of the present volume, and it would have been of distinct interest. The value of this work, however, is in the admirable selections which have been made and the way in which they illustrate the life story which is being told. Nothing is dragged in merely because it is eloquent or witty, but everything is placed in its true position and perspective in the narrative. . . . The intimacy between Mr. Reed and Mr. Long during the long years of their acquaintance is deliciously brought out, and the picture of the table at The Hamilton, at which they both sat, is one to stir the imagination of every lover of fun. . . . It would be possible to extend this review almost indefinitely, but it cannot be done without injustice to the work itself. It should close as it began, with advice to read the work itself. *To those whose knowledge of public affairs embraces the eighties and nineties, the book will be of delightfully reminiscent value.* In reading it they will live over two decades in the crucial life of the nation. *To those who come later, there is history which should not be forgotten and the life-size portrait of a great and many-sided actor in it.*"

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

DEMOCRACY AND THE THEATRE 3

DOSTOIEFFSKY. *George Bernard Donlin* . . 5

CASUAL COMMENT 7

A Voltairean view of war.—The quality of naturalness in style.—A versatile nonogenarian.—An artist for art's sake.—A Scottish logician.—Data for future war-historians.—Revived interest in Russian language and literature.—A delinquent book-borrower.

COMMUNICATIONS 9

An Author's Protest. *Kate Stephens.*
Mommsen and the War. *F. H. Hodder.*
Joseph Ritson. *Henry A. Burd.*

METRICAL FREEDOM AND THE CONTEMPORARY POET. *Arthur Davison Ficke* . 11

Stringer's Open Water.—Miss Lowell's Sword Blades and Poppy Seed.—Miss Monroe's You and I.—Sterling's Beyond the Breakers.

ENGLAND AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. *Laurence M. Larson* 14

A COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. *Lane Cooper* 15

AN ICONOCLAST IN ARCHITECTURAL CRITICISM. *Sidney Fiske Kimball* 18

RECENT VIEWS OF CHINA. *Olin Dantzler Wannamaker* 19

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS 20

Scandinavian literature in English.—A new portrait of Wagner.—Insect biographies, new and old.—An ambitious book on Cicero.—Observations of a flat-dweller.—A useful book on punctuation.—The adventures of a book-lover.—A thoughtful discussion of poverty.—A brief survey of the Elizabethans.—Essays academic and literary.—Literary talks by Professor Phelps.

BRIEFER MENTION 25

NOTES 25

TOPICS IN JANUARY PERIODICALS . . . 26

LIST OF NEW BOOKS 26

DEMOCRACY AND THE THEATRE.

We all wish art to be appreciated by everybody. The chief difference of opinion is over the question whether art should be brought down to the many or the many brought up to art. Most artists are earnest propagandists of beauty, especially of the beauty they are best able to see and record, but they rarely believe that it is given to more than a few to see beauty in any form. They are only less cynical than those popular purveyors of "amusement" who despise the public in order that they may not despise themselves. But occasionally there comes an artist, or, if not an artist, a playwright, or a critic of the drama, who believes not merely that art and democracy can meet and understand each other but that they have already done so. Mr. William C. de Mille, the author of a number of popular melodramas, is such a one. In the current issue of "The Yale Review" he maintains the thesis that the drama is a democratic art, "whose first essential is the power of reaching the mass," and, hence, that the receipts of the box-office are a measure of the playwright's skill and power:

"Other arts are for the select few, each appealing to its own comparatively small circle of followers. But the drama is for the many; it is born not in the academy but in the heart of the great social centre; it is shaped not by the critic but by the demands of the audience; it is supported not by endowment and private subscription but by the people acting collectively; it is housed not in the museum but in buildings maintained by the public for this one purpose. It is the only art which the people themselves control, and, through that control, direct; it is essentially of the people, by the people, and for the people; and we should take this function into consideration in any discussion of the art; for if the drama is to fulfill this basic condition it must be expressed in a form that the mass will accept and support.

"... Because the drama is the art of the whole people, it is the art of all arts which can act most strongly upon the people for their development; the one art which can really be a great force in the social and intellectual progress of the race. Indeed, the efficiency of drama to accomplish results is absolutely conditional upon its being directed and governed by the mass; and it follows necessarily that any influence which tends to take the government of drama away from the

whole people is an unhealthy influence in that it is undemocratic."

It seems perfectly clear that Mr. de Mille believes that the drama is not only relatively democratic, as compared with such other arts as prose fiction or music, but absolutely democratic. The only danger to the theatre that concerns him is the presence in the community of a class which, "were it powerful enough, would menace the democracy of dramatic art as any hierarchy of brains tends to limit progressive thought:

"The 'highbrow' would take from the people its right of democratic suffrage to compel the public to vote for plays nominated by the 'machine'; and this method of selection would undoubtedly corrupt drama as it does polities."

We are surprised that Mr. de Mille's political metaphor does not in the least remind him of the actual conditions which prevail in what he ironically calls the "commercial" theatre. A play is seldom presented on the commercial stage in this country unless one of the two-score producing managers in New York is persuaded that it will pay him to spend $10,000 on it. Mr. de Mille may believe that these gentlemen, whose decision is so generally absolute that exceptions to it may be ignored as irrelevant, are peculiarly representative of the American democracy. But they suffer no such illusion; they are frank to admit in their reflective moments that they cannot foretell the fate of a play one time out of three; in a word, that when their sole concern is to choose the plays that the public wants they fail far more often than they succeed.

We might go on to ask Mr. de Mille how he knows that the box-office receipts of a play are an index of the public's favor; how he can be certain that the money in the house is a tribute to the skill of the playwright and not to a matinée idol, or the leading lady's gowns, or a whim of public opinion. But there is a less doubtful point to consider. When a play has been accepted by a manager for production it is almost invariably prepared in New York and presented to a New York audience — those familiar visits to New Haven or Atlantic City being in the nature of a dress rehearsal rather than of a première. The first-night audience is notoriously a special one; and the audiences immediately succeeding, which determine whether a play is to continue in the theatre or leave it forever, are only less special; those who are not the guests of the management are chiefly citizens of New York who are willing and able to pay $2 to see a play about which very little is known. No one imagines that these persons are representative of America, of a democracy in which the average head of a family enjoys an income of perhaps $600 or $700 a year.

Can anyone contemplate the process by which a play finally reaches a considerable number of the more prosperous of those Americans who live in or near the cities, and seriously argue that it is a democratic process by which is determined what sort of drama the American people most want?

The case for the democracy of prose fiction, or of music, is a good deal stronger. A novel is so much more readily accepted for publication than a play for production that many young men who would rather be writing plays turn to fiction on that account alone. For one thing, a novel requires only one-tenth the investment on the part of the entrepreneur. A novel has a year, or even more, in which to find its audience as against the play's two weeks, or three. A novel, when the fact that a copy can be read by several persons is taken into account, costs the consumer far less than seats in the theatre. For that matter, the magazines have made entertainment in the form of prose fiction quite as cheap as entertainment in the form of moving pictures. The case of music is equally striking. Music in the form of grand opera visits only the half-dozen largest cities, and even there is offered only to those who have comfortable incomes; but music travels wherever a piano, or a gramophone, or a flute may go. It might well be argued that music is the most democratic of all the arts, and the one in which the masters are most generally appreciated. But no true art is in our day truly democratic.

Some day a great art and the great multitude may come together in the theatre, which has now so little of either. In the meantime it ought to be understood that no art which requires the expenditure of any but the smallest sums on the part of those who enjoy it, can be truly democratic in its appeal. The art of the theatre among us is not of this description and for that reason alone it does not exist for the majority of Americans. It is now, as it has always been except under the most extraordinary conditions in the past, the privilege of the few to go to the theatre.

DOSTOIEFFSKY.

Those of us who feel that the best modern fiction has been written in Russia are profoundly grateful to Mrs. Garnett. She has given us Tourgueniéff and Tolstoi; she is now at work on Dostoieffsky, offering us the first version in easy, idiomatic English that we have seen. Four volumes have appeared; others are promised, and we hope that she will not weary of her task until she has enabled us to enjoy a complete view of this disturbing and impressive figure, the most deeply Russian of the Russians. Tourgueniéff and Tolstoi we accepted at once, finding little to quarrel about in our critical estimates; but with Dostoieffsky the case has been different. The interval between those who praise and those who depreciate is greater than with other writers; nor is this the most puzzling aspect of the affair. We cannot foresee the reaction of a given temperament. Thus, we hear Nietzsche (obviously a little bewildered) confessing that the chief exemplar, in our time, of his "slave morality" is the only man who can teach him psychology. Yet Mr. Henry James, who is a psychologist or nothing, finds "Crime and Punishment" so little to his mind that he cannot finish it. If we turn to America, we hear Professor Phelps asserting that "of all masters of fiction, both in Russia and elsewhere, he is the most truly spiritual." On the other hand, Mr. Paul Elmer More plunges us at once into the abyss by simply recording the impression he carried away from "Crime and Punishment."

> "Filth, disease, morbid dreams, bestiality, insanity, sodden crime, these are the natural pathway to the emancipation of the spirit; these in some mysterious way are spirituality. And the same lesson runs through Tolstoi and Strindberg and a dozen other moralists who are, as it were, the Prophets of our young."

Mr. More not only brackets Tolstoi with Strindberg but throws in Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy also, by way of good measure. His looseness gives us a clue. This, we see, is no mere æsthetic protest; it is a moral judgment, delivered with all the heat our American critics so often reserve for purely moral judgments. It may occur to us that this is only the story of Ibsen over again. Not in the least, since Dostoieffsky is orthodoxy itself, so thoroughly in the tradition that Nietzsche places him beside Pascal, "the only logical Christian." And if we turn to a Continental critic like Herr Otto Julius Bierbaum, we find him in an entirely different quandary. How is it possible, he asks, for us modern men to read this "primitive Christian" with sympathy? What ideal does he offer us? Passionate humility; utter renunciation of the self; the Christian virtues, in short! But we western peoples have travelled by a very different road. We have achieved our destiny by an active, not to say ruthless, assertion of the will; and this seems to us necessary and even right. We must admit that Dostoieffsky's philosophy is deeply antipathetic. Only an art comparable to that of the Greeks and of Shakespeare can induce us to read him.

The paradox involved in this vehement conflict of opinion is not, after all, very difficult to resolve. We do not need to chatter of art for art's sake. As it happens, the group to which Dostoieffsky belonged never claimed the least license on the ground that they were artists. They only approached the moral problem in the peculiar Russian way, which is vastly different from ours. It often occurs to us as we read the Russians that they would make uncommonly awkward dinner guests. They have not learned our caution, our conventional reserves. Their conversational taboo covers an amazingly small area. They are infinitely curious, and there is no question they will not put to themselves and to others. Nor do they see the least reason why the truth, once discovered, should be smuggled out of sight like a shameful thing.

This stubborn integrity of the Russian soul strikes us at once in Tolstoi and in Dostoieffsky. Tolstoi, in his old age, turns preacher. Very well, but Tolstoi the novelist remains to the end a vigorous truth-teller. He envisages every form of meanness, lust, cupidity, intrigue, hypocrisy. His vision for these things is not less sure than De Maupassant's. His testimony, in other words, is not in the least invalidated by his peculiar notions of what constitutes a "good man." In Dostoieffsky, too, we find this supreme disinterestedness of the artist, co-existing with a genuinely fanatical view of things. His sense of evil is profound; it obsesses and tortures him; he cannot rest until he has sketched every detail of it into his macabre design. Yet it requires no power of divination to see how he loathes it. He is appalled and sickened, but he persists. Even a careless reader can see that he is not content to remain, like Balzac, the literary secretary of society — Balzac into whose complex nature there was kneaded, along with transcendent genius, so much of the common Paris mud. We feel, as we read, how powerfully Balzac was seduced by wealth, luxury, worldly success, the glittering and empty show of things. Dostoieffsky is not under the dominion of such thoughts; but his intuitive understanding of how they work upon and alter the minds of others is profound and even

unique. Perhaps this is not wholly intuition, either. Knowledge may have come to him by more personal and direct ways, but with that we are not concerned. It is not easy to convey the peculiar quality of Dostoieffsky's work, though it is easy enough to feel it. After reading a single novel, you say at once: Here is a writer who gives us something thrillingly strange and new, a new kind of excitement of the nerves even — for the effect of his work is not wholly psychic. He communicates to us the fever that so often tortures his characters, and something, too, of their uncanny sense of being on the verge of fresh and alarming spiritual discoveries. An ambiguous look, a significant silence, a chance word — these carry us at once out of our sunlit world into the crepuscular depths of his strange creations. Below the smooth surface, so familiar to our eyes, there lurk unguessed and awe-inspiring possibilities, as monsters lurk in the depths of the sea.

For Dostoieffsky there are no commonplace souls; nor for us either, — while we read. His people are rarely sophisticated in our western sense; they are often incoherent, wild, the victims of a fixed idea, unable in spite of their incredible volubility to explain themselves rationally. They live in their emotions with an intensity that seems strange to our intellectualized habit. If we learn from them, it is rather new ways of feeling than of thinking; and that, at least, we do learn. The vulgar and brutal murderers Dostoieffsky meets in Siberia teach him secrets, so that penologists listen to him with respect. Each convict is an individual in more than the statistical sense. Neither cunning nor swagger deceives him. The real man, he knows, lurks uneasily below and is something quite different from the morose mask he wears. Well, it is for this real man that he lies in wait. The composite picture of the criminal appears, in some sort, in "Crime and Punishment."

In its machinery, this is but a sensational police novel. Many persons, we are told, can see in it nothing more. Raskolnikov, the youthful murderer of two old women, carries on his endless duel of wits with the police. For some, possibly, the interest lies solely in the external problem. Will Raskolnikov succeed in extricating himself? Will he ultimately be caught in the cunning web that the police magistrate (surely a great figure of his kind) has spun? One ventures to say that, for those who know how to read, the drama of "Crime and Punishment" is an inner drama wholly, a drama of almost unendurable intensity. Raskolnikov exhibits to the full the singular insensibility which Dostoieffsky observed in the murderers of Siberia. He is as unlike Bill Sikes as possible; he knows no remorse. But always there is the consuming fear of detection, the terror of the law. And above and beyond that, there is the fear of his own inadequacy to meet the test of character he has imposed; for his crime is, in a way, an experiment he is conducting on himself. He can continue to believe in himself only so long as he finds the courage and the skill to defy society. His pride fails; his life crumbles about him, and he is obliged to reconstruct it on another plane. Siberia is thus but an episode in the tale of his regeneration.

If we turn from "Crime and Punishment" to "The Brothers Karamazov," we find a book at once more formidable and more truly typical. Dostoieffsky here makes no concessions to our laziness. It exhibits all his characteristic faults, of which we hear so much, on a gigantic scale. It is appallingly prolix, and contains material (some of it superb) that is wholly extraneous. It exposes to our view such an inferno of vice, squalor, bestiality, and disease as Dante never imagined. The Karamazovs are a group of a father and three sons. The father and the eldest son are deeply marked with the characteristic Karamazov taint: sensuality has reached in them almost the pitch of insanity. The book opens on the struggle of these two to possess a prostitute; murder is clearly in the air and is presently realized. The second son is at once subtler and more sophisticated than most of Dostoieffsky's people, but he, too, is evil. Only the youngest has escaped the Karamazov taint, and he, with the "Idiot" of another novel, serves to give us his creator's idea of a "good man."

The method is that of drama; there is no description of motive, no explanation. Dostoieffsky simply unrolls before us in a succession of superb scenes the epic conflict in this tragic family. After a few chapters, we fancy we know his people; but this is an illusion fostered by the shallow judgments we allow ourselves. Dostoieffsky has a profounder sense of spiritual values. Little by little, these wretches reveal themselves, turning out under our eyes the last secret folds in their depraved souls. They are appalling, and yet they are not that alone. They must know the truth about themselves, for they are tortured both by what they already know and by what they only suspect. The candor with which they confess the worst, has about it, after all, something not ignoble. The eldest brother calls himself an "insect," one of the noxious creatures cursed by God with the very delirium of desire. He rails at himself endlessly; his self-contempt is boundless; he exists in a perpetual

hell. Is it possible that he is at bottom a hypocrite, shielding himself from the bitterness of ultimate self-knowledge? And the fierceness with which the second son lays hold of his conscience is a revelation in subtlety, for Dostoieffsky brings to bear on the problem of moral casuistry an intellectual energy that tries the brain like dialectics.

It has been urged that in all this we hear not the talk of average men, but the inexorable whisperings of the accusing conscience. And there are those who complain that this is not realism. But if realism is to concern itself with surfaces only, how can it minister in any satisfying way to our curiosity? Surely the easiest way for it to become false and misleading, is to restrict its play too narrowly. At all events, Dostoieffsky has justified, for some of us, both his method and his material. The world he reveals to us may be peopled with creatures mean, diseased, abnormal, drunken, the prey of every evil passion and perversity —it does not matter. We feel, as we read, that they are proper subjects for tragedy, and even for the greatest tragedy.

One comes from this great Russian writer with an uneasy realization of the superficiality of our average judgments, the thinness of our spiritual experiences. He increases our sense of wonder and our capacity for awe. And he adds immeasurably to our understanding of the pathetic dignity of the downtrodden and oppressed. He has found for their dumbness a voice, poignant in its brooding sorrow and lovely in its rich compassion. He touches both the heights and the depths, remaining indifferent only to that middle ground on which most of us choose, for our comfort, to live out our lives.

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A VOLTAIREAN VIEW OF WAR may be of interest at this time. Some one has called attention to the illuminating discourse between Micromégas, gigantic dweller on one of the planets revolving about Sirius, and a company of our philosophers, as reported in the seventh chapter of the amusing fantasy bearing the name of the above-mentioned Sirian visitor. A free translation of a part of this conversation is here offered. After congratulating his terrestrial hearers on being so small and adding that, with so manifest a subordination of matter to mind, they must pass their lives in the pleasures of intellectual pursuits and mutual love—a veritable spiritual existence —the stranger is thus answered by one of the philosophers: "We have more matter than we need for the accomplishment of much evil, if evil comes from matter, and more mind than we need if evil comes from mind. Do you know that at the present moment there are a hundred thousand fools of our species, wearing caps, who are killing a hundred thousand other animals wearing turbans, or who are themselves being massacred by the latter, and that almost everywhere on earth this is the immemorial usage?" The Sirian, properly shocked, demands the reason of these horrible encounters between creatures so puny. "It is all about a pile of dirt no bigger than your heel," is the reply. "Not that any one of these millions of men marching to slaughter has the slightest claim to this pile of dirt; the only question is whether it shall belong to a certain man known as Sultan or to another having the title of Czar. Neither of the two has ever seen or ever will see the patch of ground in dispute, and hardly a single one of these animals engaged in killing one another has ever seen the animal for whom they are thus employed." Again the stranger expresses his horror, and declares he has half a mind to annihilate with a kick or two the whole batch of ridiculous assassins. "Don't give yourself the trouble," is the rejoinder; "they will accomplish their own destruction fast enough. Know that ten years hence not a hundredth part of these miserable wretches will be left alive; and know, too, that even if they were not to draw the sword, hunger, exhaustion, or intemperance would make an end of most of them. Besides, they are not the ones to punish, but rather those sedentary barbarians who, from the ease and security of their private apartments, and while their dinner is digesting, order the massacre of a million men, and then solemnly return thanks to God for the achievement." The visitor from Sirius is moved with pity for a race of beings presenting such astonishing contrasts.

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THE QUALITY OF NATURALNESS IN STYLE is something that defies analysis. Let one writer express himself with a certain degree of what may be called elegance, and the artificiality of it is at once apparent, whereas the same measure of rhetorical finish and ornament in another writer will seem entirely natural. The first writer calls up the image of a person dressed in his seldom-used and carefully brushed best clothes; the second represents the man who is habitually well-dressed and always at ease in his perfectly fitting raiment. Just what it is that constitutes the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" character of the one suit of clothes, and the every-day-in-the-week look of the other, even though both be equally correct and stylish, it is impossible to say. Probably

there is something in the manner of wearing the clothes that makes the difference. Dr. Garnett makes use of this sartorial simile in closing his interesting "Remarks on American and English Fiction" in the December "Atlantic Monthly." He says: "Another simile that obtrudes itself in reading many American novels is that of a visit from kindly folk who have come to a gathering in Sunday clothes and with Sunday manners. The people's week-day spontaneity is replaced by a cautious preoccupation with their deportment, as to how they are expected to behave, and everything that they say is a little forced. Even in the admirable novels of Mrs. Wharton and Anne Douglas Sedgwick the conflict so often depicted between the idealism of the characters and their ordinary earthly motives gives one an odd feeling that both their morals and their manners are like tightly cut clothes in which people cannot be quite at ease." Whether or not this is harsh criticism, it is enforced by an almost ludicrously apt quotation from one of our leading novelists.

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A VERSATILE NONOGENARIAN, remarkable for the range and variety of his scholarly tastes and literary accomplishments, died recently at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The Rev. Dr. Addison Ballard, who was born at Framingham ninety-two years ago last October, held from first to last so many professorships in so many colleges and universities, east and west, that a list of them would only be a bewilderment to the reader. Suffice it to say that at Williams College, where he took his bachelor's degree at the age of twenty, he taught rhetoric in his early life, and at the New York University he held the chair of logic in the last years of his teaching, from 1893 to 1904, with professorships of mathematics, astronomy, Latin and Greek, moral philosophy, and other branches scattered in between. His long course of teaching furnished him with material for a book entitled "Arrows, or Teaching a Fine Art," and his experience as pastor of churches in his native state and Michigan qualified him to write "From Talk to Text" and "From Text to Talk," also "Through the Sieve," and other contributions to serious literature of a reflective or moral tone. A valiant pedestrian, he accomplished the feat of climbing Monument Mountain (which inspired Bryant's poem of that name) in his eighty-ninth year, and up to the very end he set a pace in the streets of Pittsfield that many a younger man might have found it difficult to equal. One likes to hear of his daily walks and his daily practice of memorizing some classical phrase or some bit of verse. Daily, too, he made it a point to write something, not necessarily for publication, we infer, but rather to keep his pen from rusting. For the last eight years he had lived with his son, Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, librarian of the Berkshire Athenæum, which is Pittsfield's public library.

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AN ARTIST FOR ART'S SAKE is revealed, unexpectedly to some, in the banker, philanthropist, and veteran of our Civil War, Major Henry Lee Higginson, as briefly portrayed in Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe's history of "The Boston Symphony Orchestra." In his early twenties this octogenarian lover of music and generous provider of the best in that art for his city wrote to his father from Vienna, after referring to the possibility of adopting music-teaching as a calling: "But the pleasure, pure and free from all disagreeable consequences or afterthoughts, of playing and still more of singing myself, is indescribable. In Rome I took about eight lessons of a capital master, and I used to enjoy intensely the singing to his accompaniment my exercises and some little Neapolitan songs. My reasons for studying harmony are manifest. I cannot properly understand music without doing so; moreover, it is an excellent exercise for the mind. As to writing music, I have nothing to say; but it is not my expectation. It is like writing poetry; if one is prompted to do so, and has anything to say, he does it. But I entirely disavow any such intention or aim in my present endeavor,—and this I wish to be most clearly expressed and understood, should any one ask about me. *I am studying for my own good and pleasure.* . . . It is only carrying out your own darling idea of making an imperishable capital in education. My money may fly away; my knowledge cannot. One belongs to the world, the other to me." The accident, a bodily injury grievous for the young man to bear, which later led to Mr. Higginson's devoting himself to business rather than to music, adds a pathetic interest to the too-brief biography forming the opening chapter of Mr. Howe's book.

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A SCOTTISH LOGICIAN of more than Scottish fame, successor to Sir William Hamilton as professor of logic and metaphysics in Edinburgh University, and author of many books relating to his department of study, died a few weeks ago, rich in honors and full of years. Alexander Campbell Fraser was born September 3, 1819, and finished his education at the university where he was to help educate others for almost half a century. He was professor of logic at New College, Edinburgh,

from 1846 to 1856; editor of the "North British Review" from 1850 to 1857; professor of logic and metaphysics, in succession to Hamilton, who had just died, from 1856 to 1891; professor emeritus after closing his active labors in the university; and throughout his years of maturity he wrote philosophical essays, biographies of noted philosophers, and other books of some note. His "Life and Letters of Berkeley," published in 1871, was his first considerable work, and he also wrote the life of Thomas Reid, contributed the volumes on Locke and Berkeley to the series of "Philosophical Classics," put forth a two-volume "Philosophy of Theism," and at eighty-five gave to the world his "Biographia Philosophica, a Personal Retrospect." His recreations, says "Who's Who," were "country life and visits to scenes of biographical or historical interest." A fine example he certainly was of the scholarship of the northern Athens.

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DATA FOR FUTURE WAR-HISTORIANS are being systematically collected and preserved by the Harvard University Library, which appeals to alumni and others to aid in the work. Books, of which already there are more than a few, war maps, files of newspapers from the war zone and from neutral countries, official despatches, and other like material are included in the collection, which already is at the service of students. Among newspapers, the library is receiving the London "Times," Westminster "Gazette," the Paris "Temps" and "Figaro," the Milan "Corriere della Sera," the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse," the Berlin "Allgemeine Zeitung," and the Munich "Neueste Nachrichten." The American colony at Munich, or some of its members, made notes of the earlier events of the war, and these notes have been given to the library, together with daily papers from Lucerne, Zurich, and Geneva. These and other foreign journals are regarded as especially important sources of information. But what a mass of mutually contradictory and often unblushingly false information the future historian will have to sift as he wades through all this accumulation of reading matter!

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REVIVED INTEREST IN RUSSIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE seems to be indicated by recent action at the University of Chicago, where, under the terms of a gift from Mr. Charles R. Crane, instruction in these branches is about to begin. In other words, Mr. Samuel Northrup Harper, eldest son of the late President Harper, and graduate of the University in the class of 1902, has been called from his post as lecturer in the School of Russian Studies at Liverpool University, and has been made an assistant professor at his home university, with the Russian language and institutions as his special department. The new courses will, it is expected, begin with the winter quarter, and in the spring there will probably be offered courses in Russian literature and history. Books and periodicals relating to all these courses will be added to the library, and additional lecturers from Russia will be engaged. Mr. Harper has devoted himself since graduation to Russian studies, much of the time in Russia itself, and has edited a Russian reader, a substantial volume of about four hundred pages issued by the University of Chicago Press.

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A DELINQUENT BOOK-BORROWER is the heaviness of the too-trusting lender. From Westboro, Massachusetts, comes the report of a library book taken out more than a century ago — in 1811, to be exact — and only the other day returned, whether by the great-grandchild or great-great-grandchild (or still more remote descendant) of the borrower, we cannot say. But there is cheer to despairing librarians in this remarkable recovery of what must have been long ago entered on the records as a hopelessly lost volume. Paraphrasing the good old hymn, the worried head of the circulation department can henceforth comfort himself (or, more often, herself) with the assurance that while the lamp holds out to burn, the long-lost volume may return.

COMMUNICATIONS.

AN AUTHOR'S PROTEST.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In a recent issue of THE DIAL, in a paragraph speaking of my book, "The Greek Spirit," are many misrepresentations in point of fact. Four of the misrepresentations prompt me to send you the following:

First: Your reviewer writes, "We find an American thumb-print in the use of *humans* in the sense of men and women." *Humans*, "in the sense of men and women," is an old English word. I have met it, I think, in a black-letter Holinshed printed in London in 1584-5; certainly in other old English books. The reason of the use of the word in old times and now is clear — it has the advantage of connoting what no other word in our noble English speech explicitly connotes. If your reviewer will turn to the word in "A New English Dictionary," edited by Sir James Murray, he will find a quotation from Lowell to the effect that George Chapman, contemporary of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, habitually used "*humanes*," in its common meaning, in his translation of Homer. Your reviewer will also find *humans*, "in the sense of men and women," in writings of the Scottish

Robert Louis Stevenson and of Englishmen of our day.

Second: Your reviewer also finds "an unhyphened, half-German locution in the ugly words *their art gift*." Most excellent publications in England as well as in this country have used such words as *art, race,* without hyphen, adjectively, these past fifty years; centuries longer, if the phrase *art magique* is included. *Art* has even come into such popular uses as "art union," "art squares."

Third: "Subjects and predicates do not generally play hide-and-seek with the reader as in this: 'Cereals grew in sunlit tillage, the grape sacred through its use in the religions of many peoples, the gray-green olive, other esculent fruits, and horned cattle grazed in meadows dotted by benefactive forest trees.'" Subject and predicate play no hide-and-seek in this quoted sentence. It is plain, legitimate, parsable by a schoolboy.

Fourth: Your reviewer speaks of competition with others. My book strives with none. Its plan and its philosophy, its content determining distinctive features of a race spirit and tracing the evolution of that race spirit from earliest beginnings to the end, show that the book is different from what he terms my, or its, "dangerous rivals." As to Professor Basil Gildersleeve's beautiful "Hellas and Hesperia," your reviewer should recall that, upon its publication, a paragraphing fellow of his pronounced upon it with all the fatuous impertinence of incompetents of his craft.

KATE STEPHENS.

New York City, Dec. 15, 1914.

MOMMSEN AND THE WAR.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Much has been written of the influence of Nietzsche, as adapted and popularized by Treitschke, in creating the conditions out of which sprang the present war. While that influence undoubtedly has been great, it by no means marks the beginning of German aspirations to world hegemony. When the development of this motive shall have been traced, I venture to predict that Mommsen's glorification of Roman imperialism will be found to have been an important factor. From many passages in his "History of Rome," which might be quoted in illustration of this point, I select three, which may be found on pp. 3, 6, and 440, respectively, in Vol. V. of the American edition of 1900:

"By virtue of the law, that a people which has grown into a state absorbs its neighbors who are in political nonage, and a civilized people absorbs its neighbors who are in intellectual nonage — by virtue of this law, which is as universally valid and as much a law of nature as the law of gravity — the Italian nation (the only one in antiquity which was able to combine a superior political development and a superior civilization . . .) was entitled to reduce to subjection the Greek states of the East which were ripe for destruction, and to dispossess the peoples of lower grades of culture in the West. . . ."

"There was a direct political necessity for Rome to meet the perpetually threatened invasion of the Germans . . . beyond the Alps, and to construct a rampart there which should secure the peace of the Roman world. But even this important object was not the highest and ultimate reason for which Gaul was conquered by Cæsar. When the old home had become too narrow for the Roman burgesses and they were in danger of decay, the senate's policy of Italian conquest saved them from ruin. Now the Italian home had become in its turn too narrow; once more the state languished under the same social evils repeating themselves in similar fashion upon a grander scale. It was a brilliant idea, a grand hope, which led Cæsar over the Alps — the idea and the confident expectation that he should gain there for his fellow-burgesses a new boundless home, and regenerate the state a second time by placing it upon a broader basis."

"For Rome alone history not merely performed miracles, but also repeated its miracles, and twice cured the internal crisis, which in the state itself was incurable, by regenerating the state. There was doubtless much corruption in this regeneration; as the union of Italy was accomplished over the ruins of the Samnite and Etruscan nations, so the Mediterranean monarchy built itself upon the ruins of countless states and tribes once living and vigorous; but it was a corruption out of which sprang a new growth. . . . What was pulled down for the sake of the new building, was merely the secondary nationalities which had long since been marked out for destruction by the levelling hand of civilization."

Much could be said in comment upon these extracts but their application is sufficiently obvious. Repeatedly does Mommsen assert the right of conquest that belongs to the union of superior organization in the state and superior "kultur" in the people. The relation of the war to the subjective desire to check the growth of social democracy I leave to the reader. Mommsen's "History" was completed in 1857. In his later life he deprecated the growth of militarism, but the harvest was the legitimate fruit of the seed that he had himself sown. At the annual meeting of the American Society of International Law last April, Mr. Charles Francis Adams quoted the first of the passages given above and christened its content "Mommsen's law." He remarked that it masqueraded under various aliases, such as "manifest destiny" and "benevolent assimilation," and he might have added "peaceful penetration" and "international right of eminent domain." As Viscount Bryce has recently said: "The war is a struggle between ideals — the ideal of a military state resolved to dominate all the neighboring countries and the ideal of peaceful communities dwelling in tranquillity under the protection of treaties." The fact that British interests are bound up in the triumph of the latter ideal does not alter the case. So are the interests of civilization.

F. H. HODDER.

Lawrence, Kan., Dec. 19, 1914.

JOSEPH RITSON.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I am preparing what I hope to make an exhaustive treatment of Joseph Ritson's life and work. If any of your readers have knowledge of unpublished letters to or from Ritson, or of any Ritson manuscript whatever, I should esteem it a great favor if they would communicate with me.

HENRY A. BURD.

University of Illinois, Urbana, Dec. 18, 1914.

The New Books.

Metrical Freedom and the Contemporary Poet.*

Poets have grown either less bold or more courteous than they were in the days when the authors of "The Dunciad" or of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" blackened many a fellow-writer's face with adroit mud. One need hardly bemoan the fact, since the admirable wit of those productions barely compensated for their execrable taste. But enthusiasm for even impersonal literary controversy seems lacking to-day; and differences of opinion so sharp that they might once have divided the poets into two hostile camps now scarcely serve to embroil them with their next-door neighbors.

Only thus can one explain the fact that open warfare has not broken out between the proponents of the lately resurrected theory of *vers libre* and the adherents of the orthodox type of regularly rhythmical metres. A genuine difference of opinion and of temperament is involved. On the one side stand the writers who demand complete freedom of rhythm as a requisite for expressing the free and irregular contours of emotion; and on the other side stand those who regard metrical regularity as the sole instrument by which high emotion can be given successful expression.

Mr. Arthur Stringer, in the Foreword of his new volume, "Open Water," states the first of these positions with some elaboration. The traditional technique of rhythm and rhyme is, he believes, as hampering and anachronistic as the chain-armour of the Middle Ages would be to a modern soldier; the poet of to-day is unable to achieve natural expression under such a handicap. Mr. Stringer points out very truly that the almost boundless liberty afforded by blank verse is not available to the poet except for large, almost epical, themes; therefore, in actual practice, rhymed verse alone remains to him for "the utterance of those more intimate moods and those subjective experiences which may be described as characteristically modern." But rhymed verse forces him to "sacrifice content for form," and has "left him incapable of what may be called abandonment." Even regularity of rhythm, where no rhyme is present, "crowds his soul into a geometrically designed mould."

The objection to Mr. Stringer's plausible theory lies in his own admission that formal rhythm and rhyme supply "definiteness of outline" and "give design to the lyric." Without the agency of a fixed rhythm, it is almost impossible to achieve those recurrences, pulses, waves, and echoes whose function in poetry is no adventitious or superfluous one. A fixed cadence alone can serve as a base for all the musical variations that the poet may wish to employ; and his success here is vital. Deprive "Lycidas" of its antiphonal organ-roll of sound, its great succession of mounded harmonies,—and it would be nothing. The design is the poem. The metrical form is the very condition, the true means, of the poet's success. That spontaneous expression of emotion for which Mr. Stringer pleads is not likely to result in poetry at all; what turns raw feeling into poetry is precisely the compression of the material into an artful pattern, an expressive structure, an intelligible design. Not sobs, but music whose tone has sobs buried in it,—not laughter, but the song that dances with winged feet,—come within the categories of art. In the process of turning emotion into art, some loss has to be suffered; but the loss is not so large as Mr. Stringer would have us believe. To sacrifice content for form, as he tells us we now do, would indeed be lamentable; but on the other hand, to sacrifice form for content means simply to break the bottle that might have held at least a part of the wine. The competent craftsman does not, however, have to choose between these evils. Form is his opportunity, not his prison,—as some of Mr. Stringer's own earlier lyrics prove. Most writers would agree that the exigencies of rhyme suggest felicitous excursions of thought far more frequently than they inhibit the exact statement of an idea in all its original integrity. The practiced poet learns not to formulate his idea too rigidly in advance, but to let it develop and grow like an unfolding vine over and through the lattice of his metrical trellis.

After all, the sole criterion by which any artistic theory can be judged is its success in practice. Mr. Stringer's practice of *vers libre* is not a convincing exemplification of the virtue of his theory. One of the best, and also one of the most regular, of his poems is the following, entitled "The Wild Swans Pass":

> "In the dead of night
> You turned in your troubled sleep
> As you heard the wild swans pass;
> And then you slept again.
>
> "You slept—
> While a new world swam beneath
> That army of eager wings,

* Open Water. By Arthur Stringer. New York: John Lane Co.
Sword Blades and Poppy Seed. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co.
You and I. By Harriet Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Co.
Beyond the Breakers. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

While plainland and slough and lake
Lay wide to those outstretched throats,
While the lone far Lights allured
That phalanx of passionate breasts.

"And I who had loved you more
Than a homing bird loves flight,—
I watched with an ache for freedom,
I rose with a need for life,
Knowing that love had passed
Into its unknown North!"

It is hard not to feel that even this finely conceived picture needs the melody of a more definitely patterned form,—that we shall forget this nebulous strain to-morrow, but that if it had been woven through the rhythm of a true music, however hesitant its beat, we could never forget it.

Miss Amy Lowell, also, has provided her volume, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," with a Preface in which she raises the question of metrics. "Unrhymed cadence," as she prefers to call *vers libre*, differs from the rhythms of ordinary prose "by being more curved, and containing more stress." This statement justly suggests that it is to prose and not to regularly rhythmical verse that we must look for the prototype of *vers libre*. Miss Lowell has used "unrhymed cadence" for many, but not all, of her poems; and she expressly disclaims being an exclusive partisan of either form. Technique of versification is only one of many techniques that interest her. Her most notable quality appears in the opening passage of the volume.

"A drifting, April, twilight sky,
A wind that blew the puddles dry,
And slapped the river into waves
That ran and hid among the staves
Of an old wharf. A watery light
Touched bleak the granite bridge, and white
Without the slightest tinge of gold,
The city shivered in the cold.
All day my thoughts had lain as dead,
Unborn and bursting in my head.
From time to time I wrote a word
With lines and circles overscored.
My table seemed a graveyard, full
Of coffins waiting burial . . ."

The sharply etched tones and contours of this picture are characteristic of the author's work. Sometimes, however, an extreme carelessness, very different from that painstaking care which she praises in the "clear-eyed Frenchmen," mars her verse. "Were" does not respectably rhyme with "where," nor "vault" with "tumult," nor "Max" with "climax," nor "time" with "thyme"; yet this entire group of deformities occurs within the space of nineteen consecutive lines. This is no mere breaking of technical rules; it is the destruction of beauty. If the requirements of rhyme so irk a writer, it would be better to follow Mr. Stringer's example and use *vers libre* only. In "unrhymed cadence," Miss Lowell's cadences are sometimes extremely delicate, as in "The Captured Goddess":

"Over the housetops,
Above the rotating chimney-pots,
I have seen a shiver of amethyst,
And blue and cinnamon have flickered
A moment
At the far end of a dusty street.

"Through sheeted rain
Has come a lustre of crimson,
And I have watched moonbeams
Hushed by a film of palest green.

"It was her wings,
Goddess!
Who stepped over the clouds,
And laid her rainbow feathers
Aslant on the currents of the air. . . ."

But to some readers, this passage will be merely an added proof of the fact that good *vers libre* is absolutely not so expressive as good rhythmical verse. Several passages on a similar theme in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" confirm such an opinion; nor is the comparison an unfair one, since every writer must endure the rivalry of the whole body of his predecessors. "Unrhymed cadence" at its best can hardly convey that intensity of effect which is poetry's peculiar function; certain clear emotional heights are as impossible of attainment by it as by prose.

Not so pliant, not so accurate, not even so free a medium for expression as the old rhythms! To say a thing directly,—to cry it out,—is not necessarily to express it. The complexities of rhythm and rhyme are not always a hindrance to the expression of complex thoughts. The poet's need is sometimes best served by that great world of musical signals and emotional calls which is at the disposal of him who accepts the convention that governs rhythmical verse, and employs this very convention as the instrument for evoking emotions that could never be evoked by naturalistic means. The supreme element of poetry comes into being only with that peculiar lift and flight which the disembodied imagination can take on the wings of formal geometrical beauty.

Miss Harriet Monroe, in her newly collected volume, "You and I," experiments with *vers libre;* but the pieces written in this style are few in number. Modernity in other than metrical matters chiefly marks her ambitions. In many of her poems she attempts with seriousness and devotion to consecrate poetry to the task of expressing modern industrial life. "The Hotel," "Night in State Street,"

"The Turbine" are the titles of the first three poems in the book; and their names indicate something of the author's aim. It is not wholly demonstrable that so specifically purposed an interest in the concrete and not always significant aspects of modernity is the best way of attaining this end. There is in such an effort too much of the conscious intelligence and too little of those blind tides of passionate understanding which alone pour greatness into poetry. Yet these are rather well-known poems, which have given pleasure to many "people of high degree"; and it is perhaps a work of supererogation,—or worse, of arrogance,—to criticize unfavorably certain conceptions that find place in them. The critic must, however, unsociably go his own chosen way, lighted by his own lantern. In some instances he may find himself unable to follow Miss Monroe. To view the turbine,—its purring revolutions, its hidden lightnings, its moods and rebellions,—as a proud tempestuous woman, seems an example of that kind of poetic imagination which does not interpret but rather encumbers the true essence of its theme. In the poem "Our Canal," also, the lines

> "O Panama, O ribbon twist
> That ties the continents together."

are surely a bad, a false, a really unimaginative way of seeing the world of things as they are.

Miss Monroe's best work is not in this vein. Here she seems like a Christina Rossetti led by an infelicitous chance into an alien and unmastered world of modern mechanics, where her very genuine powers are largely useless. Her best accomplishment is in the vein of less ambassadorial utterance,—in personal poems where she subdues a smaller world more perfectly to the service of poetry. Take the following sonnet:

"Look on the dead. Stately and pure he lies
Under the white sheet's marble folds. For him
The solemn bier, the scented chamber dim,
The sacred hush, the bowed heads of the wise,
The slow pomp, the majestical disguise
Of haughty death, the conjurer — even for him,
Poor trivial one, pale shadow on the rim,
Whom life marked not, but death may not despise.
Now is he level with the great; no king
Enthroned and crowned more royal is, more sure
Of the world's reverence. Yesterday this thing
Was but a man, mortal and insecure;
Now chance and change their homage to him bring
And he is one with all things that endure."

This dignified passage, written probably some time ago, may serve to remind the reader once more of the value of the very old and, as Miss Monroe herself now believes, "exhausted" sonnet form. In "The Wonder of It" also, Miss Monroe has no difficulty in aptly turning conventional rhyme and rhythm to her own fantastic and original uses:

"How wild, how witch-like weird that life should be!
That the insensate rock dared dream of me,
And take to bursting out and burgeoning —
Oh, long ago — yo ho! —
And wearing green! How stark and strange a thing
That life should be!

"Oh, mystic mad, a rigadoon of glee,
That dust should rise, and leap alive, and flee
Afoot, awing, and shake the deep with cries —
Oh, far away — yo hay!
What moony masque, what arrogant disguise
That life should be!"

Mr. George Sterling, an experienced metrist, trained in the great lyric tradition of the past, is wholly faithful to rhythmical verse in his new volume "Beyond the Breakers." All the freedom that he needs he takes for himself within the compass of regular rhythms. How little cramped he is, a passage from his "Browning Centenary Ode" may attest:

"O vision wide and keen!
Which knew, untaught, that pains to joyance are
As night unto the star
That on the effacing dawn must burn unseen.
And thou didst know what meat
Was torn to give us milk,
What countless worms made possible the silk
That robes the mind, what plan
Drew as a bubble from old infamies
And fen-pools of the past
The shy and many-colored soul of man.
Yea! thou hast seen the lees
In that rich cup we lift against the day,
Seen the man-child at his disastrous play —
His shafts without a mark,
His fountains flowing downward to the dark,
His maiming and his bars,
Then turned to see
His vatic shadow cast athwart the stars,
And his strange challenge to infinity. . . ."

It is interesting to speculate as to how the devotee of *vers libre* would have gone about attaining this lift and soar of flight. It may be doubted if he could possibly do so except by falling back upon that fairly regular variety of free metre which Matthew Arnold and Milton sometimes employed. To achieve that peculiar thing which we call poetry, a sustaining, emotion-heightening recurrence of rhythm is as indispensable as music is to opera. The sole debatable question is, how regular must the recurrence be to produce the desired trance-like effect? *Vers libre* often comes perilously near to the less insistent rhythms of prose, and loses the characteristic power of poetry thereby.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

England and the American Revolution.*

In 1834 George Bancroft published the first volume of his "History of the Colonization of the United States," which was followed eighteen years later by a "History of the Revolution in North America." For a long time the spirit of George Bancroft animated the writing of American history, and even after two generations the influence of his early pioneer work is still to be reckoned with. Bancroft came well prepared to his work and while in the diplomatic service had unusual opportunities to collect materials for the continuation of his great undertaking; but in the first half of the nineteenth century, when the memories of two wars with England were still fresh in the popular mind, it was scarcely possible to view the events of the later colonial period in their true light. In recent years the researches of Professor Osgood, Mr. G. L. Beer, and others have in a large measure discredited the conclusions that Bancroft stated with such patriotic fervor: it has come to be seen that there were deeper causes than the quarrel over taxation for the separation from England, and that it was probably the complexities of the imperial problem rather than mean-spirited politics that led the English government to take the unfortunate course of action that it followed in 1765 and the succeeding years.

It is therefore strange to find Bancroft's discredited viewpoint taken by a most respectable historian from across the seas. About a dozen years ago Sir George Otto Trevelyan began to write a history of the American Revolution, of which the sixth and last volume has just been published. For no very good reason, it seems, the last two volumes have been called "George III. and Charles James Fox." George III. is no more prominent in these than in the earlier ones and the same may be said of Charles Fox. It is true, however, that Sir George regards the English phase of the conflict as a struggle between the opposing political systems that these two stood for; and in tracing this conflict the author does not attempt to conceal the fact that his sympathies are wholly on the side of Fox and the Whigs. Whatever the merits of the American Revolutionary movement, and Sir George believes in the essential justice of the American cause, the Revolution, and especially its outcome, had great importance for the history of constitutional government by rendering impossible the plans of George III. The cause of English liberty was victorious — on American battle-fields.

A work of this type would naturally meet with much criticism from both English and American reviewers. American reviewers have insisted that the work is really a history of England during the period of the American war; and that on the American side it shows little originality, being chiefly a compilation from older American sources. These critics feel that the author has not attempted to fathom the deeper problems of our history during and immediately before the Revolution. English reviewers, on the other hand, have insisted that, while the American patriots may have had the right on their side, they were not so virtuous (nor the English statesmen so villainous) as Sir George would have us believe. It has also been charged that his statements are not always accurate and that his emphasis is often misplaced. There is some truth in the charge that the author does not always distinguish nicely between important and unimportant matters: in his last volume, for instance, he describes in great detail two duels, one between Fox and Adam and the other between Shelburne and Fullarton,—"affairs" which may have furnished interesting gossip at the time but seem to have had no appreciable influence on the course of English history.

It seems quite evident that the author feels that in these fearful days of 1914 there will be those who will feel that his work and particularly the last volume, containing, as it does, much bitter criticism of the administration of the Lord North régime, is wanting in patriotic spirit. In an inserted "address to the reader" (clearly an after-thought) Sir George informs us that the volume "was already in print some weeks before the outbreak of the German war" and that there is "no allusion whatever to passing events." He also assures us that "there is nothing in the book which the author desires to correct or alter; and the subject-matter is not inappropriate to the soul-stirring period in which we are living." Continuing he says,

> "The story of the manly and chivalrous spirit in which, four generations ago, the two great English-speaking nations fought out, and ended, their famous quarrel is a story that an Englishman need have no scruple about telling even at a moment when his country, with a steadfast and grounded belief in the justice of her cause, is in the throes of war."

In this connection one is tempted to quote from his characterization of Frederick II. of Prussia, some of the sentences of which might also be used in giving expression to the aver-

* George the Third and Charles James Fox. Being the Concluding Part of "The American Revolution." By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. In two volumes. Volume II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

age Englishman's view of the present German Kaiser. The author believes that Americans generally have an unwarranted opinion of the services that the great Frederick rendered to the Revolutionary cause.

"The gratitude of Americans toward Frederick the Great was cheaply earned, and has lasted to this very hour. He ran no risks, and made no sacrifices, for their cause, and he was apt to forget their very existence as soon as they had ceased to serve his purpose; and yet room has been found for his statue at Washington, while the unfortunate King of France, who went to war for America with consequences which ultimately were fatal to his own life, and his own dynasty, has no monument erected to his memory in any American town or city."

In his estimates of American generals and statesmen Sir George is as a rule very favorable, sometimes using stronger terms than an American writer would care to use. In a casual reference to General Philip Sheridan he speaks of him as "the greatest captain of mounted infantry that the world has seen." He is much impressed with the strength and abilities of the Adams family:

"For there is perhaps no other instance on record of a family which, over the space of a century and a half, has produced, in direct descent from father to son, four generations of men of such strong and sterling character, such remarkable and recognized talents, and such vigorous longevity."

We are reminded of recent events when the author tells us that John Adams

"scrupulously returned the visits made to Passy by American gentlemen resident in Paris, who had already begun to complain, as American gentlemen have complained ever since, that they did not receive due attention from the diplomatic representatives of their country in a foreign capital."

His estimate of the military abilities of General Greene is probably somewhat lower than that of some American historians: "Nathaniel Greene was not a general of the first order but he had mastered the practice and had sedulously and clearly thought out the principles of war."

The volume covers in a general way the last two years of the war, beginning with a discussion of the state of English opinion after it was understood that the European powers were preparing to fight England and closing with the downfall of the Lord North ministry a few months after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. On the American side the work gives fairly satisfactory accounts of the activities of the American diplomats abroad, of the war in the Carolinas, and of the siege of Yorktown. The bulk of the volume, however, is devoted to English affairs: the Irish volunteer movement, the menace of the League of Neutrals, the parliamentary situation, the county associations, the Gordon riots, and the movement for economical reform are some of the larger topics that the author has discussed. While Sir George can scarcely find terms strong enough to express his condemnation of the ministry, especially Lord North, Lord Sandwich, and Lord George Germaine, the last two having charge of the admiralty and the war office respectively, he is very charitable in his treatment of the British generals. Howe, Clinton, Cornwallis, Carleton, Rawdon, were all excellent soldiers; their failure to conquer the Continentals the author attributes chiefly to the blunders of the English war office, from which they received iron-clad and impossible instructions. Howe and Clinton also lost ground through their failure to appreciate the value of civil government in the conquered or loyal sections; the military government that they did provide Sir George finds to have been unspeakably corrupt. Of General Burgoyne he has this to say:

"Seldom, except indeed in the legend of Belisarius, was a general worse used by his official superiors than John Burgoyne. Acting under iron-bound instructions, with a far less than sufficient force of troops, he had displayed on several occasions the professional skill of a veteran commander, and on every occasion the heroic courage of a perfect soldier."

Aside from his estimate of men and measures Sir George has contributed little that is new or original. Whether his opinions will find a very wide acceptance is a matter of great doubt. All historians are willing to grant that the government of England during the first two decades of the reign of George III. was most of the time as corrupt and inefficient as Sir George asserts it to have been; but the causes of the American Revolution probably lay in America rather than in Westminster: the forces that work for nationality were at work in the western world, and America could not be expected to continue much longer as the willing subject of a distant government. But whether the author's conclusions be accepted or rejected, all will admit that he has produced a work of singular charm; our only regret is that his style and his art have enshrined a mistaken view of American history.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

A COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

Teachers and publishers are ready to welcome the effort of that scholar who shall produce an ideal history, in one volume, or at most two, of English literature from Beowulf

* MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE, from Chaucer to the Present Day. By G. H. Mair. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

down to the present time. Nor are signs altogether wanting that the appearance of the desired book is near at hand. Good models are to be had in works of the right proportion on other literatures both ancient and modern. One thinks of the "Abridged History of Greek Literature" by Alfred and Maurice Croiset, with its relation to their larger French work in five volumes, this latter being perhaps the best history of any literature in any language. Or one thinks of Mr. J. Wright Duff's most admirable "Literary History of Rome," marvellous for its fulness, accuracy, and condensation, and for a grace and interest that never fail; or of Lanson's "History of French Literature," which merits a similar description. Indeed, we may recall the noble work of Ten Brink on English literature itself, regretting that no one has seen fit to revise the translation, and to complete the whole, in English, in the light of our present knowledge — in which case the demand for an ideal book would be satisfied. Wülker's volume ("Geschichte der Englischen Litteratur von den Aeltesten Zeiten bis zur Gegenwart"), so far as I am aware, is the only work on the subject, by a recognized scholar with a technical training, that is intended to be popular, and at the same time follows the entire course of English literature from the beginnings down to Tennyson and Browning. Wülker was not an inspired literary critic, as Ten Brink was; his illustrations, and his estimable motives, hardly make up for the lack of attractiveness in his pages; nevertheless in scope his book supplies a model.

In addition to models, the trained linguist and literary student, who alone could produce the desired work, would have a few literary histories of particular epochs to rest upon, among them the exceptionally good account of Middle English literature by Professor Brandl in Paul's "Grundriss"; and he would have at his command the "Cambridge History of English Literature" (with its bibliographies), though the several parts of this must not be employed without discrimination. Nor should one forget Professor Northup's forthcoming bibliography of bibliographies for the study of English, which will be indispensable to every scholar in this and related subjects. But the ideal historian of English literature will not possess every advantage enjoyed by Lanson, Duff, and the brothers Croiset: he will not find the wheat for his cake so thoroughly ground and bolted as are the materials for a literary history of France or Rome or Greece. Much scholarly attention, it is true, has of late been devoted to the period, or periods, subsequent to the accession of Elizabeth, which Ten Brink some twenty years ago felt unprepared to treat with precision, and so omitted from his plan. Yet from the Elizabethans on, the historian will find many serious gaps in our knowledge, and more than one well-nigh incredible defect in the necessary apparatus. The prose of Milton, for example, has never been properly edited; and there is no satisfactory edition of Burke. Under these conditions, the historian must divine the hidden course of events through the force of a trained sympathetic insight; an insight into the nature and genius of the English language and literature as a whole; an insight nourished in the best traditions of English scholarship, and rigorously disciplined in those parts of the subject—for example, in Old English—where the need of precision is most obvious, if not also most attainable. To those who know, it is obvious that the first requisite in the way of external acquirement for the historian of English literature is a thorough knowledge of Old and Middle English.

Mr. Mair's book, in spite of more than one excellence, is not of the sort we have in mind. It is the outgrowth of his handy little volume, "English Literature: Modern," in the "Home University Library," which followed a superior work in the same series, "English Literature: Mediæval," by Professor Ker. Mr. Mair's present work begins with Chaucer, and the author undertakes to defend what is not defensible, the old notion that English literature begins with "The Canterbury Tales." He is at some pains not to be caught saying just that, but it is the idea he would like to convey. "For the scholars," he remarks, "our literature may begin earlier; for the poets it began with him [Chaucer]." Is Mr. Mair also among the poets? And does he think that students of Old English have no feeling for literary and historical values? Does he forget, too, that, among the poets, Ben Jonson, Milton, Wordsworth, and Tennyson showed some interest in the earliest stages of the language and literature, and were variously indebted to the study of it? His general mistake, perhaps, lies in uncritically following Professor Legouis, and in coming by himself to project Chaucer on a French and Italian background; — on this rather than on the entire background of mediæval ideas, English as well as Continental, and in Latin as well as in the vernacular literatures. But in particular one cannot agree with him when he says that, if we go no farther back in England than Chaucer, "we shall certainly lose nothing which affects what is to come afterwards." We should miss the Old English "Battle of Brunanburh," which seems to

have affected Tennyson, since he modernized it. And when Mr. Mair says that Old English is as distinct from Modern as Modern English is from German, he must mean *superficially* — as it were, to a schoolboy's vision. Neither a scholar nor a poet who really knew and loved Old English would say so. We suspect Mr. Mair's attainments in this part of the field from the time he alludes in his Preface to "the philologist" (meaning student of linguistics) and "the professor of dead dialects"; and we therefore suspect his ability to judge after the fashion of Ten Brink whether the study of Chaucer is much or little dependent upon the study of Old and Middle English.

Before proceeding to the praise which on some accounts we wish to accord to Mr. Mair's volume, let us attend to a few other strictures. His plan, he says,

"aims at maintaining an individual point of view, at laying stress on ideas and tendencies rather than at recording facts and events, and it does not hesitate to draw generously on standard works of criticism and biography with which students are familiar."

If in several cases the author derives his opinions from excellent studies, such as the work on Chaucer by Professor Legouis, nevertheless he cannot be termed discriminating in the matter of authorities. Thus he is capable of naming as the "two best critics" of Milton one who is good, but not best, Mark Pattison, and "Professor" Walter Raleigh, who is negligible. Where in his hierarchy would Mr. Mair put Addison and Dr. Robert Bridges? And where would Osgood, Masson, and Verity come in? This lack of discrimination as to books is on a par with several other uncritical utterances. For example, Milton "never violates the harmony of sound or sense." Is that an echo of Matthew Arnold's description, "In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction . . ."? It was Huxley, was it not, who imagined that Herbert Spencer's definition of tragedy would be, "a generalization killed by a fact"? Enter Mr. Mair's unguarded "never" followed by this irreconcilable fact from the Ninth Book of "Paradise Lost" (ll.41. ff.):

> "Mee of these
> Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument
> Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise
> That name, unless an age too late, or cold
> Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
> Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine."

Yes, the good Milton sometimes nods, as his best critic, Wordsworth, frankly admits, stating the matter thus:

"I could point out to you five hundred passages in Milton upon which labor has been bestowed, and twice five hundred more to which additional labor would have been serviceable; not that I regret the absence of such labor, because no poem contains more proof of skill acquired by practice."

Nor would better critics, I believe, go so far as to say with Mr. Mair that Milton "devised his own subjects, and wrote his own style," or that "he stands alone, and must be judged alone"; Mark Pattison, indeed, says something different. Granting that Milton's soul was like a star, and dwelt apart, we cannot judge the poet by himself, since there is no astronomy, or other science, of the individual. His subjects were the common property of England, Holland, and Italy, and his treatment of them was profoundly influenced by the Italian interpretation of ancient poetical theory.

To tell the truth, Mr. Mair, as his overpraise evinces, is not in sympathy with Milton, but with traditional notions about the poet, unrectified by scholarly observation and comparison of the facts. As a result, coming to the point in Milton's biography where sympathy is most needed, he rashly declares that "Milton always argued from himself to mankind at large," and falls into the vulgar error of associating the Miltonic writings on divorce too closely with Milton's private life. Are they not, rather, singularly objective, and is there anything better on the subject in English? The spirit of them is altogether in keeping with the ideal of good manners represented in the speeches of Adam and Eve, almost constantly, in "Paradise Lost," and constantly in the words and actions of the Hero in "Paradise Regained." "Manners," we recall, are one of the gifts which Wordsworth, good poet and scholar, thinks to be in Milton's keeping for England.

Turning to Shakespeare, we again find Mr. Mair using that dangerous word "never":

"A study of the plots of either the comedies or the tragedies will convince the reader that the orderly faculty of marshalling events has never been so completely shown in the work of any other writer."

What about Sophocles? But perhaps we are to understand: any other English writer. Well, what about Thackeray in "The Rose and the Ring," or Fielding in "Tom Jones"? "What a master of composition Fielding was!" says Coleridge. "Upon my word, I think the 'Oedipus Tyrannus,' 'The Alchemist,' and 'Tom Jones' the three most perfect plots ever planned." No Shakespearean scholar would have expressed himself as does Mr. Mair; in the first place, none would put most of the comedies, in the matter of construction, on as high a level as most of the tragedies. And to sum up in the words of Mr. A. C. Bradley on Shakespeare:

"Nine-tenths of his defects are not . . . the errors of an inspired genius, ignorant of art, but the sins of a great but negligent artist."

Turning to the pages on Wordsworth, we discover the same bent for overstatement, and for essentially the same sort of threadbare comment as is passed along in certain handbooks of criticism and biography with which students are familiar. Thus: Wordsworth is "a complete innovator"; "he found his subjects in new places"; in his earlier years he had a vision of "nature," which eventually faded, so that only "a few fine things fitfully illumine the enormous and dreary bulk of his later work"; "if we lost all but the 'Lyrical Ballads,' the poems of 1804 [misprint for 1807], and the 'Prelude,' and the 'Excursion,' Wordsworth's position as a poet would be no lower than it is now." Does Mr. Mair realize that he has included three-quarters of the poet's work? The bulk of what is left is not enormous. The other assertions also need reconsideration. Wordsworth is not a complete innovator: in part he harks back to his favorite "elder poets"—more especially to Spenser and Milton. Substituting England for Sicily and the Mediterranean, one may say that Wordsworth finds his subjects where Theocritus found them; and that is just what he tells us in the Eighth Book of the "Prelude." In his earlier period his imagination was tinged with a neo-Platonism which, while not very good of its kind, still counts as "poetry" with the average reader of the present. That is, when Wordsworth talks about a motion and a spirit "rolling" through various things, people think him inspired, though they may not care for his translation of Michael Angelo's address "To the Supreme Being," which contains a very different form of teaching. Wordsworth gradually outgrew his crude naïve philosophy, and, drawing his inspiration less and less from neo-Platonism, and more and more from Christianity, produced a body of verse that in workmanship is superior to his earlier attempts. Much of it is likely to attract well-educated readers of subsequent generations, when the doctrine of divine immanence gives way, as it gave way in Wordsworth, to a more artistic conception of the universe. There are not "a few," but many "fine things" in the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," that most important of his later writings; it is a body of work that naturally falls into its place with the writings of Herbert and Keble; and a critic who aims at maintaining an individual point of view (which means observing and comparing for himself) cannot afford to treat it as it is treated in ordinary books of criticism and biography.

Though he now and then lapses into an overfamiliar style, and though, as we have seen, his judgments lack finality, Mr. Mair on the whole is naturally alert, and expresses things for himself, often with vigor, and sometimes with felicity. He duly insists upon looking at the history of literature in the light of fundamental principles, and on occasion enunciates such doctrine as the following (pp. 47-48):

"The unit of all ordinary kinds of writing is the word, and one is not commonly quarrelled with for using words that have belonged to other people. But the unit of the lyric, like the unit of spoken conversation, is not the word but the phrase. Now in daily human intercourse the use, which is universal and habitual, of set forms and phrases of talk is not commonly supposed to detract from or destroy sincerity. In the crises, indeed, of emotion it must be most people's experience that the natural speech that rises unbidden and easiest to the lips is something quite familiar and commonplace, some form which the accumulated experience of many generations of separate people has found best for such circumstances or such an occasion. The lyric is in the position of conversation at such a heightened and emotional moment . . . This is not to say that there is no such thing as originality; a poet is a poet first and most of all because he discovers truths that have been known for ages, as things that are fresh and new and vital for himself."

A word of praise must be given to the sixteen portraits scattered through the volume. The one of Wordsworth (p. 220), reproducing the sketch by Pickersgill in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, though not well known, is a fortunate choice.

LANE COOPER.

AN ICONOCLAST IN ARCHITECTURAL CRITICISM.*

Mr. Geoffrey Scott's "The Architecture of Humanism: A Study in the History of Taste" breaks sharply with the traditions of English criticism by attacking the formulæ on which the apotheoses of Greek and of Gothic art have been based and boldly championing the architecture of the Renaissance. In the mind of the author the book is an attempt to formulate the chief æsthetic principles of classical design in architecture, and to trace the history of our critical canons; in reality it is a violent polemic against earlier opinions and a dogmatic apologia for a style deified in advance.

In so far as the author makes clear the development and points out the inadequacies of nineteenth century critical theory he does

* THE ARCHITECTURE OF HUMANISM. A Study in the History of Taste. By Geoffrey Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

a needful service. The working belief of the contemporary artist and critic of art is too often a jumble of incongruous fragments from earlier systems, patched together without appreciation of their inconsistency or true historical relations. The text in hand brings order into this confusion, distinguishing, very justly, successive phases in the development of critical dogmas. On the academic method of imitation of the antique and search for perfect mathematical proportions, followed the romantic idealization first of Greece and then of the Middle Ages, passing over into the cult of the natural and the picturesque. Then followed the ethical evaluation of styles by Ruskin and his followers, the mechanical or structural evaluation of Violet-le-Duc, and finally the biological, evolutionary explanation of compulsion from environment which still dominates criticism. Obviously any of these interpretations singly, or all of them together, cannot exhaust the æsthetic values of architecture. There will still remain purely spacial relationships, eluding even the academic formulæ. To call all previous views "fallacies" out of hand, however, as does Mr. Scott, betrays a failure to realize their partial validity, as well as a lack of historic modesty.

The substitute which he has to offer, the "humanist" evaluation, is not, we find, the theory of the humanists themselves, but a modern psychological doctrine, humanist only in a curious sense — Professor Lipps's theory of *Einfühlung*. This familiar hypothesis, which Mr. Bernhard Berenson has already applied to Renaissance painting, explains our æsthetic sensations as unconscious projections into the external world of our own bodily movements and tensions. To illustrate, arches seem to "spring," domes to "swell," and spires to "soar," because we identify ourselves with their apparent states. If one were disposed to jest, one might say that Mr. Scott's own fallacy had been added in advance, by his own arch-villain, Ruskin, to the romantic, the ethical, the mechanical, and the biologic fallacies which he himself has condemned. It is the pathetic fallacy, a poetic animism, dignified by a modern and philosophic garb. Without entering seriously upon its merits, we may suggest that its truth or falsity is really irrelevant to Mr. Scott's more concrete propositions that mass, space, line, and coherence are the true language of architecture, and that Renaissance architecture, which speaks this language with least restraint, is the style in which architectural principles can most fruitfully be studied.

The importance of abstract qualities like mass, line, and space is recognized by æsthetic philosophers whose systems are most diverse or antagonistic. Even one who has given such a wide extension to the æsthetic field as Signor Benedetto Croce sees in them the channels for those expressions peculiar to architecture, incapable of translation into other media. The idea that they exhaust its values, however, is an intolerable limitation, and one which, unjust to other styles, does Renaissance architecture itself less than justice. We must turn against the author's dogmatic assertions, his own protest against earlier apologies: "Conducted without impartiality, arguments such as these are but the romance of criticism; they can intensify and decorate our prejudices, but cannot render them convincing." It is true that a sympathetic estimate of Renaissance architecture must depend on an appreciation of abstract, spacial qualities, but it is equally true that an extension of the abstract criterion to other styles as the one principle of judgment would be as illegitimate as similar extensions of mechanical or biological criteria.

Perhaps Mr. Scott's brilliant and forceful rhetoric, in spite of the over-emphasis which arouses protest at almost every page, is the only weapon by which popular prejudices, themselves partly rhetorical in origin, can be beaten down. It is a pity, though, if the rhetorical bias of English criticism is so strong as to deprive us permanently of discussion which is measured and temperate.

SIDNEY FISKE KIMBALL.

RECENT VIEWS OF CHINA.*

The conflagration now consuming the visible fabric of civilization in Europe, from which brands have already been carried by Japan to the northeast corner of China, gives increased importance to all questions concerning the future of the Chinese people. Constituting so large a fraction of the population of the globe, and inhabiting territory immensely wealthy in undeveloped resources, this people seems to be destined to play either a great or a very pitiable rôle in the history of the present century. The decision of Fate between these two possibilities rests upon external and internal forces still difficult to gauge. If the present stupendous conflict in Europe determines whether the leading nationalities of the world are to be military and conquering in

* FORCES MINING AND UNDERMINING CHINA. By Rowland G. Gibson. New York: The Century Co.
THIRTY YEARS IN THE MANCHU CAPITAL. By Dugald Christie. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.
A WOMAN IN CHINA. By Mary Gaunt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

temper, or commercial and increasingly fraternal, it will turn the scales one way or the other for China. But the internal forces to be estimated are complex, subtle, and in transition, so that they are now scarcely capable of certain analysis and are treacherous material for prophecy. With all that has been written about China and the Chinese, the Occident is by no means of one mind concerning the traits of the race and its capabilities. There is need just now for much thorough-going study of the Chinese.

Three recent books add each something of worth to the material upon which we must base our forecast of China's future world relationships. The three authors, fortunately, see their subject from three distinct points of view. Mr. Gibson is a "military interpreter in the Chinese language"; Dr. Christie is a medical missionary who has spent thirty years in Mukden, Manchuria; Mrs. Gaunt is a professional writer of fiction and stories of travel.

"Forces Mining and Undermining China" is, we regret to say, lacking in that orderly analysis and mastery of material which wins the confidence of the reader in the judgment of the writer. The book contains valuable information concerning mining, railways, labor, finances, and concessions in China, and is well worth a rapid survey; but it lacks maturity of judgment and dignity of expression.

"Thirty Years in the Manchu Capital" is, on the other hand, a work of unusual merit. A simple, unpretentious account of events that have come under the author's personal observation and experiences through which he has passed, the book throws much light upon two wars fought on Chinese territory — the Chino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese conflicts — and gives the reader definite impressions of Chinese character through sketches of various individual Chinese known to the author. The method and style of the book are natural and entertaining. The author wins without effort the confidence and respect of the reader, and his kindly and favorable estimate of the Chinese carries a high degree of conviction. There is, however, very little effort at generalizing, so that the book furnishes evidence rather than argument in connection with the problem of China.

Among recent publications dealing with this problem no book we have seen possesses the literary merit of Mrs. Gaunt's "A Woman in China." Entering the country by the Siberian Railway in mid-winter shortly after the Revolution, the author spent some weeks in Peking observing and studying, and then travelled without companion by cart to Jehol, Inner Mongolia, the ancient hunting palace and grounds of the Manchu emperors. Her opportunity for forming an independent impression of the Chinese was, thus, very different from that of the ordinary tourist, and her training as a writer has enabled her to produce one of the most entertaining and pleasing of books on the subject. Artistic by temperament, Mrs. Gaunt has filled her pages with sketches from life, vivid and delightful. Her appreciation of Chinese architecture and landscape gardening is more earnest and outspoken than that of any writer we recall. Indeed, "A Woman in China" is a rather unusual blend of keen observation, humor, sympathy, and artistic sense.

An artist, however, is a delineator and interpreter of the static present, not a guide or a prophet. Possessed completely by the semblance before the eyes and concerned in its reproduction through the medium of art, the artist lacks a sense for the future, as yet invisible and wholly unpicturesque. In spite of her evident good judgment, Mrs. Gaunt is, first of all, an artist. The China which seemed to her antique and static, ancient Babylon still surviving in the midst of a novel and alien world, does not thus appear to Dr. Christie, who has witnessed the changes of only three decades. Even the most gifted observer may be so engrossed by the quaint and *outré* in features, costume, manners, and age-long habits that he requires years, rather than weeks, to penetrate behind these veils which conceal the essential human spirit. Diversity in outward manifestations does not disprove the unity of the human soul in all the races of men. The civilization of any race may be slowly transformed by the working of new forces brought to bear upon it, and such forces are now at work in China.

OLIN DANTZLER WANNAMAKER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Scandinavian literature in English.

One of the main purposes of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, established in 1911 by the generous bequest of Niels Poulsen, is to publish English translations of important Scandinavian literary works. That purpose has now become achievement to the extent of three interesting volumes that offer us the first fruits of this aspect of the Foundation's enterprise. Two of the volumes, devoted to Holberg and Tegnér, are entitled "Scandinavian Classics"; the third, "The Voyages of the Norsemen to America," is the first issue of a series of "Scandivanian Monographs." The Holberg volume is singularly welcome

and opportune. It offers three of the comedies, in a translation made by Dr. Oscar James Campbell and Mr. Frederic Schenck. Dr. Campbell, it will be remembered, gave us last spring a study of Holberg which was the first work in the English language upon the greatest of all Scandinavian authors. We now have three comedies representing the playwright who completes the great trinity of modern writers of comedy — Molière, Goldoni, and Holberg. The selection is the best possible — "Jeppe paa Bjerget," "Den Polikiske Kandstöber," and "Erasmus Montanus," a selection in striking contrast to that made a year or two ago by a retired English army officer, who gave us three of the least significant and characteristic of the comedies in a singularly wooden translation. Dr. Campbell's three represent Holberg at his best, and his version is nervous, colloquial, and faithful. — The Tegnér volume, edited by Mr. Paul Robert Lieder, offers a reprint of old matter — Longfellow's "The Children of the Lord's Supper" and W. L. Blackley's "Frithiof's Saga" — the latter first printed in 1857. This is a fair translation — no better than several others of the score or more that exist, but it has the distinction of having been the first to be printed in this country. — Commander William Hovgaard's treatise on "The Voyages of the Norsemen to America" is planned on a large scale, and makes a volume of three hundred pages, abundantly illustrated. So much work has been done in this field of recent years that a comprehensive statement of the theories and conclusions of modern scholars is a very desirable thing to have, and the author is well equipped for the performance. He treats of his subject as an historical critic, a naturalist, an archæologist and ethnologist, and especially as an expert in nautical matters and geography. The treatment of all these matters is minute and exhaustive. With regard to controverted points, it may be said that he regards the saga narratives as essentially historical, in opposition to Nansen's belief in their legendary character; that he believes the Skrælings in some instances to have been Indians and not Eskimos; that he holds the *vinber* to have been grapes rather than currants or cranberries, and Vinland (with the long vowel) to have really meant Wineland; and he offers evidence that the site of Leif's settlement may well have been as far south as the coast of Massachusetts. Perhaps the most valuable part of the work is its detailed description of the Atlantic coast from Baffin Land to the Hudson, and its attempts to identify the shores described in the sagas with actual parts of the American continent. The whole question is bewildering and baffling, and Commander Hovgaard has probably done all that is scientifically possible to shed light upon it. He has no hobbies, and this is perhaps the most important prerequisite for the handling of the whole complex problem.

A new portrait of Wagner.

Mr. Ernest Newman in his book "Wagner as Man and Artist" (Dutton) gives us a full length painting of the remarkable musician and dramatist. He says in his Preface: "In spite of the size of this volume, many readers will no doubt feel that it either discusses inadequately several aspects of Wagner's work and personality or it passes them over altogether. I plead guilty; but to have followed Wagner up in every one of his many-sided activities — in all his political, ethical, economic, ethnical, sociological speculations — would have necessitated not one book but four." And yet he says farther on: "While there is at present no adequate life of Wagner, there is probably more biographical material available in connection with him than with any other artist who has lived; and on the basis of this material it seems justifiable now to attempt — what was impossible until the publication of *Mein Leben* in 1911 — a complete and psychological estimate of him." We do not feel that the two statements can be made to agree, and we find, indeed, that in the long discussion of "Wagner as a Man," there are principally presented the relations of Wagner with his wife, Minna, and the other women who contrived to make his life disappointing and miserable until Cosima Wagner made her appearance. A treatment of Wagner's relations to politics, government, economics, might have been undertaken without detriment to a subject like friendships with the other sex, which ought in every case to be kept within the limits which belong to it. Mr. Newman could have compressed the love episodes, and enlarged the consideration of other sides of Wagner's character without becoming prolix or lessening the value of his picture. He could have led up to his superb summary by a completer exposition of the varied interests of this restless and cosmopolitan artist. We also question the advisability of considering the form, to the exclusion of the content, of Wagner's works. We see this course taken and advocated in the second part of the book, "The Artist in Theory." It would seem that a discussion of Wagner's power of character representation, his mastery of material, his immense advances in technique, would be enhanced by adequate

statements of his intent and purpose. Such was undoubtedly the opinion of the composer, and the reproduction of his idea in completely congruous music was his great effort and purpose. It is unquestionably in the third part of his volume, "The Artist in Practice," that Mr. Newman finds himself most at home, and it is here that the reader will find him most convincing and authoritative. Whatever our views may be of Wagner and his work, we must take into account this book of Mr. Newman's. All the great questions in regard to Wagner's achievement are here considered with insight. We may not agree with Mr. Newman's conclusions, but we must concede his knowledge, his depth of appreciation, his eloquence of expression. No book on the subject will appeal to a larger circle of readers, nor give a more vivid conception of the whole movement.

Insect biographies, new and old.

The charm of M. J. H. Fabre's "Souvenier Entomologiques," published in 1882 and now translated by Mr. Alexander Teixeira De Mattos, has its origin in the author's enthusiasm for his researches, in his skill in building up the reader's interest in his observations and experiments, and in a certain naive unsophisticated simplicity. The translator has preserved the latter admirably in "The Mason-bees" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) the latest volume in the series of translations of M. Fabre's work. This deals with the habits and instincts of certain solitary mud-working bees of southern Europe and touches upon the operation and origin of such fundamental biological phenomena as the homing instinct in bees, ants, and cats, and the origin of the semi-parasitic habits of those bees which, like the cuckoos among birds, lay their eggs in nests not their own. The author is a keen observer, with an experimental turn of mind, and puts to test his theories of sight and memory as guiding factors in the homeward movements of insects. The translation is excellently done save for a few lapses into archaic terms.—While M. Fabre depends wholly upon word pictures to charm his reader, Ward's "Insect Biographies with Pen and Camera" (Stokes) supplements these by plates in color and heliotype and excellent half-tones. The book aims to present the life histories of certain of the representative insects, such as the lace-wing fly, various moths and butterflies, the "death watch" beetles, the hover-fly, and the flea, and adds to these some account of mites and spiders. The photographs are nearly all from life, and the attitudes of the subjects portrayed are therefore normal. Both the photographer and the engraver have succeeded exceptionally well in their work. Intensive study directed to a few carefully selected types and carried to a high degree of completeness characterizes this work and lifts it above the level of the ordinary "nature study" treatment of entomological topics.

An ambitious book on Cicero.

It is always an unwelcome task to question the value of an extended work written by a conscientious scholar of mature years; but a dutiful reviewer is bound to ask what useful end can be served by Professor E. G. Sihler's large volume on "Cicero of Arpinum" (Yale University Press). The gifted Tully, so unanimously lauded as an orator, so bitterly debated as a statesman, has been the subject of many pens, and a new treatise on a large scale can be justified only by unique historical acumen or some singular felicity of presentation. To the latter qualification our volume can make no claim whatever; in fact, a rigorous effort is necessary to hold oneself to the task of reading it, so dispiriting is the style even to the most loyal student, so painful to any reader with the least literary feeling. If the editors of a great university press, like that of Yale, cannot ensure a passably good general presentation, they might at least preclude annoying violations of elementary grammar and punctuation. Naturally, however, almost any failure in English would be gladly forgiven if the work were distinguished by an unusually keen sense for human character and motives, by some fine gift of perspective, some compelling profundity of judgment, some comprehensive faculty of grouping the particular and universal together, in short, by some exceptional power of dealing with history in biography. But, unfortunately, one misses these high essentials, and finds instead average ability, unsparing toil, and meticulous scholarship. However, we are glad to accord most unstinted praise to one noble quality,—an absolute honesty of purpose that shines from every page. There is a carefully arranged bibliography, followed by an index.

Observations of a flat-dweller.

That quality of lyric poetry which lies in the unquestioning assumption that the reader is as much interested in the poet's private affairs as the poet himself, reveals itself quite engagingly on every page of Mr. Simeon Strunsky's "Belshazzar Court" (Holt), the supposed account of the family affairs and certain other intimate concerns of a young married couple and their two children in their

life on the third floor of a mammoth apartment house in the far up-town regions of New York. As in Mr. Edward S. Martin's "Reflections of a Beginning Husband," which the book strongly resembles in some of its features, it is the young head of the family who acts as scribe, and who realistically pictures the pleasures and a few of the vexations of domestic life in a household just a little less prosperous, pecuniarily, than its tastes, its refinement, its ideals, might have rendered desirable. The entrance hall of Belshazzar Court has handsome electroliers in imitation cut glass, a magnificent marble fireplace in which the effect of a wood fire is simulated by electric bulbs under a sheet of red isinglass, while the heat is furnished by a steam radiator close by, and the floor has two large Oriental rugs of American manufacture. What the humorously communicative young father has to say about his irrepressible son Harold and the latter's baby sister, about his wife Emmeline, and, not least of all, about himself, his interests and diversions, his views of things metropolitan and cosmopolitan and miscellaneous, will be found entertainingly set forth in the eight discursive chapters of the book, which, it will be discovered by magazine readers, is not an entirely new production, though none the worse for that fact. Mr. Strunsky has in the last few years made a name for himself as a humorist of decidedly original quality, and "Belshazzar Court" sustains this reputation.

A useful book on punctuation.

Mr. M. L. Spencer's "Practical English Punctuation" contains much more matter than its title implies; it is really a compendium of directions for the preparation of almost any kind of manuscript. It has no discussion of the principles of punctuation, and presents nothing new in organization or arrangement; for the sake of brevity the directions are usually given as dogmatic rules. The basis of these rules is the practice of the more conservative magazines and the more careful writers of the present day, and wherever usage varies, what appears to be the preferred practice is indicated. Of course the first edition of such a compendium provokes some adverse criticism. The specimen sheet of corrected proof with the accompanying explanation is not so serviceable as it should have been made, some of the statements are very awkwardly phrased or are capable of misinterpretation, and occasionally the rules are too broadly stated. But such defects are not numerous. The rules are generally sound and clearly illustrated, the material is made readily accessible through a fine index, the presswork is very satisfactory, and typographical errors are notably absent. The volume should largely realize the hope expressed in the Preface that it "may be found to be a compact, convenient, and reasonably full compendium of rules for the guidance of all persons who have need to write." (Menasha, Wisconsin: The Collegiate Press.)

The adventures of a book-lover.

Mr. Walter A. Mursell knew himself at the age of ten to be a book-lover, and at twelve began to be a book-buyer, taking delight in browsing about old bookshops. To him "they are what form and outline and color are to the artist, what beauty is to the poet, what springtime is to the lover, what summer meadows are to the child." That such a person should write well about books is no cause for surprise. "Byways in Bookland" (Houghton) consists of a series of "confessions and digressions," informal and intimate and altogether delightful. In a chatty, autobiographical fashion Mr. Mursell tells us of the birth of a book-lover, his first footsteps in bookland, the comradeship of books, the green pastures and still waters of bookland, its valley of twilight, the spurs of Parnassus, a brown study, a recent byway, and, finally, emerging from byways, he pays tribute to two great writers who hold first place in his heart,—Dickens and Stevenson. After a page of almost extravagant eulogy of Mr. Ambrose Bierce, and more especially of his book, "In the Midst of Life," he shows his imperfect acquaintance with that author by saying, "I believe this is his solitary book: at any rate, on this side the Atlantic." One might object to his spelling in the chapter where he glows with enthusiasm for "The Arabian Nights" and writes of "Sinbad" and "Scheherezade." Mr. Mursell's "confessions and digressions" are all excellent, largely because they are sincere and unpretentious, and are written, not to make a book, but because the mere writing is a pleasure.

A thoughtful discussion of poverty.

"Now, in our own day, the conquest of poverty looms up as an economic possibility, definitely within reach—if only society desire it sufficiently and will pay enough to achieve it." Such are the heartening words that close the tiny volume, "The Abolition of Poverty" (Houghton), wherein Professor Hollander of Johns Hopkins University treats the problem that he regards as the heart and centre of social disturbance. He believes that poverty is needless, and this hopeful tenet

brightens a sane and succinct discussion of such topics as "The Distribution of Income," "The Rate of Wages," "The Underpaid," and "The Unemployable." On the whole our economist is "unwilling save as a last resort to venture upon the uncharted sea of socialism," and seeks a solution of the problem in constructive social regulation. Herewith he proposes to "retain the competitive system of industry, both as to production and distribution, but to impose thereon, by restraint of law and by pressure of public opinion, such limitation and control as experience demonstrates to be necessary for the largest social interest." However, the academic socialist, at least, need worry but little over this formal repudiation; for our author really believes in drastic measures, and with reasoned warmth expresses approval of not a few specific remedies that would have been decried as the rankest of socialism only a decade or two ago. If you get old-age pensions, a minimum wage, insurance against unemployment, and half a score other amendatory measures, and if these operate successfully along with state postal systems, state telegraphs and telephones, state canals, state education, and what not, it will rapidly become less difficult to look upon the ever changing proposals of socialistic thinkers with fearless eyes. In any event, such books as the modest study before us deserve the warmest welcome. In fact, we are even prepared to hope that some day "The Abolition of Poverty" will be available at about a third of the present price, although this is by no means unreasonable.

A brief survey of the Elizabethans.

"Elizabethan Literature" by Mr. J. M. Robertson has just been added to the "Home University Library," published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. It presents logically and as comprehensively as the two hundred and fifty pages will permit the multiform activities of the age. Mr. Robertson has a first-hand acquaintance with Elizabethan writers. Apart from Middleton, whom he barely mentions among the later dramatists, he slights none of them; and he gives much space, too much perhaps, to the smaller fry. In a work of this kind, do Phaer, Twine, Fleming, and Stanyhurst, those wretched translators of Virgil, deserve attention? Will not Surrey suffice for the man whose university is at home? In matters of opinion Mr. Robertson is nearly always safe and usually forceful. He argues vigorously, for example, that "the vital divergence" between English and French drama is not "an expression of the divergent minds or temperaments of the two nations"; but that "the very freedom of action in the French popular drama, transgressing all bounds of decency, . . . made possible the reaction to strict classicism." Sometimes Mr. Robertson is incautious in statement, however, as when he says that Marlowe "was more than audacious in his free thinking," and that Lyly "showed the way" in delicate lyrics. And when in his bibliographical note he refers to the "careful texts" of the Globe and Craig editions, but ignores the Neilson edition, we wonder whether he is really unaware of so notable an achievement of American scholarship.

Essays academic and literary.

Under the title "The Life of a Little College" (Houghton), Professor Archibald MacMechan has collected a number of papers dealing with such themes as, "Little College Girls," "The Vanity of Travel," "Tennyson as Artist," "Child of the Ballads," "Everybody's Alice," and "Virgil." All of the essays are pleasing for their reflection of a well stocked mind and amiable personality, as well as for their well ordered English, which a college instructor would characterize as having an agreeable literary flavor with no disturbing smack of pedantry. Probably the most valuable chapter bears the caption "Evangeline and the Real Acadians"; although old Toronto men will enjoy the picture of the unique bedel, McKim, and the full-hearted eulogy of Professor Young in "This is Our Master." To one who remembers the less mature views of Professor MacMechan on the worthlessness of classical studies, it is joyous to read his graceful palinode in the closing pages. Most of the papers have appeared before, and we have enjoyed many of them as they are now presented; but it would be too much to say that there is enough matter of exceptional value or profundity in the individual essays to compensate for their lack of unity and make them widely acceptable to the reading public in their collected form.

Literary talks by Professor Phelps.

A new collection of essays by Professor William Lyon Phelps is always welcome. The latest one, "Essays on Books" (Macmillan), though perhaps less solid than some of its predecessors, makes quite as pleasant reading. The opening chapter, "Realism and Reality in Fiction," enforces with apt concrete illustration a distinction that ought to be, but is not, a literary platitude; realism represents a fraction of life, reality represents life as a whole.

All of the dozen essays that follow have to do with single writers, six English writers, two American, four German. The most pretentious are those on Richardson and Jane Austen; the slightest are those on Whittier and Paul Heyse. Almost all of the essays may be termed insubstantial but highly agreeable. One of the most agreeable is that entitled "Conversations with Paul Heyse," in which Heyse is recorded as saying that he "read with the most conscientious attention every word of 'Huckleberry Finn.' I never laughed once. I found absolutely not a funny thing in the book."

BRIEFER MENTION.

The second volume of the new edition of George Chapman's plays and poems, published by Messrs. Dutton in the "Library of Scholarship and Letters" series, contains eleven comedies, of which three are not included in the edition of 1873 and one, "Sir Gyles Goosecap," originally published anonymously, has never before appeared under Chapman's name. The editor, Dr. Thomas Marc Parrott, has edited the text with great care, and furnishes elaborate notes and cross-references, the latter being particularly valuable in determining disputed or anonymous authorship of the comedies in question.

Mr. John Cowper Powys has written "The War and Culture: A Reply to Professor Münsterberg," (Valhalla, N. Y.: G. Arnold Shaw) for the purpose of pointing out the essential differences in the ideas behind the great war, rightly considering these fundamental in any consideration of the struggle. Germany embodies itself in the conception of a state machine, the Allies in that of human liberty and the freedom of little states. Behind the English-speaking nations stands also the idea of law, not to be lightly cast aside lest all civilization be imperilled. One extended chapter, which deals with "German vs. Russian Culture," is especially enlightening.

Unrevised for twenty-three years and passing through nine editions, Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations: A Collection of Passages, Phrases, and Proverbs Traced to Their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature" has become accepted as the standard reference book of its kind. Now, nine years after the compiler's death, a tenth edition, revised and enlarged by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, has been issued from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. About three hundred additional pages are included; selections from Matthew Arnold, Keats, and many others are judiciously amplified by twice the original space; names like Ibsen, Tolstoi, Nietzsche, Maeterlinck, Rostand, or George Meredith (names that, naturally enough, are unfamiliar in the original edition) here appear. A revision, bringing the work to date, was essential, and Mr. Dole's faithful effort to preserve the spirit of the original will ensure for his compilation a warm welcome from those who are familiar with the work of Bartlett.

NOTES.

Mr. Enos A. Mills is the author of "The Rocky Mountain Wonderland," which Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. announce.

Sir James Barrie's new play "Der Tag," which was produced in London December 21, 1914, is announced as immediately forthcoming by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Second Blooming," by Mr. W. L. George, "The Turbulent Duchess," by Mr. Percy J. Brebner, and "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, are three novels which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. announce for publication next week.

Dr. Harvey M. Wiley's new book, "The Lure of the Land," will be published early in the year by the Century Co. This company also announces a book on "Child Training," by Mr. V. M. Hillyer, head master of the Calvert School, Baltimore, and Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins's "Detective Barney."

A series entitled "The American Books," which will deal with contemporary American problems, is announced by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. Among the titles soon to be issued are "The University Movement," by Dr. Ira Remsen; "The American Indian," by Mr. Charles A. Eastman; "A History of American Literature," by Professor Leon Kellner; "The Cost of Living," by Mr. Fabian Franklin; "Socialism in America," by Mr. John Macy; "The Drama in America," by Mr. Clayton Hamilton; "The American College," by Mr. Isaac Sharpless; "The American School," by Mr. Walter S. Hinchman, and "The American Navy," by Rear Admiral French E. Chadwick.

Madison Cawein, who died December 14, 1914, at the age of forty-nine, was a poet richly endowed with the gift of interpreting nature in verse. The aspects of nature presented in his verse were those of his native State of Kentucky, where he lived all his life. Exuberantly productive from his early manhood to the time of his premature death, Cawein published more than a score of books of verses. Eight years ago a complete edition of his poems, which was published with an Introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse, required five substantial volumes. Since then the additions to his poetic produce have been considerable. A selection of his poems with a sympathetic Preface by Mr. William Dean Howells was recently published.

In the recent death of Professor B. M. Meyer of the University of Berlin, literary scholarship lost one of its most brilliant exponents. He began his career in 1886 by a study in comparative literature: "Swift und Lichtenberg." In the same year appeared his "Grundlagen des Mittelhochdeutschen Strophenbaus," and three years later "Altgermanische Poesie." From the study of the older period he now turned to modern times, publishing in 1896 his famous Goethe biography which established him in the front rank of historians of modern German letters. A collection of essays, "Deutsche Charaktere," proved merely a prelude

to what was perhaps the most important of Meyer's works: "Die deutsche Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts."

John Muir, who died December 24 at Los Angeles, was a geologist, naturalist, and explorer whose personality endeared him to a large circle of friends, as well as to the many who knew him only through his books. He was born at Dunbar, Scotland, April 21, 1838, and came to America with his parents in 1850, to settle in the Wisconsin wilderness near the Fox River. Muir's first botanical and geological excursions were made in the Great Lakes region, in Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and Canada. His first trip to California, where he arrived in April, 1868, was made by way of Cuba and the Isthmus of Panama. Thereafter he devoted himself chiefly to a study of the Sierras, though he made more than one journey into arctic regions, and discovered in Alaska the great glacier which bears his name. Muir worked hard for forest preservation and it was largely as a result of his writings that the present national parks and reserves were established. Among his books are "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," "The Yosemite," and, of especial interest, his autobiographical chapters published under the title of "The Story of My Boyhood and Youth."

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

January, 1915.

Action, Training for. H. W. Farwell . . . . . *Pop. Sc.*
Albert, King, of Belgium. Granville Fortescue *Metropolitan*
America — On Guard! Theodore Roosevelt . . *Everybody's*
America's Achievement — Europe's Failure. J. A. Macdonald . . . . . *Rev. of Rev.*
America's Future Position. Joseph H. Choate *Rev. of Rev.*
Antwerp, The Fall of. E. E. Hunt . . . . *Metropolitan*
Antwerp, The Taking of. E. A. Powell . . . . *Scribner*
Balkans, The, and Peace. A. W. Spencer *Am. Pol. Sc. Rev.*
Belgian vs. German Efficiency. Emil Vandervelde . . . . . *Metropolitan*
Belgians, Helping the. J. M. Oskison . . . *World's Work*
Belgians, Literature of the. C. C. Clarke . . . . *Yale*
Belgium, Impressions of. N. M. Hopkins . *World's Work*
Belgium, Last Ditch in. Arno Dosch . . . *World's Work*
Botanical Station, The Cinchona. D. S. Johnson . *Pop. Sc.*
Brumbaugh, Governor, of Pennsylvania. E. P. Oberholtzer . . . . . *Rev. of Rev.*
Capitalisation versus Productivity. F. A. Fetter . . . . . *Am. Econ. Rev.*
Censorship, Our Prudish. Theodore Schroeder . *Forum*
China, The Parliament of. F. J. Goodnow *Am. Pol. Sc. Rev.*
City Manager Plan, The. H. G. James . *Am. Pol. Sc. Rev.*
College and Society . . . . . *Unpopular*
Dancing Mania, The . . . . . *Unpopular*
Darwinism, Ethnic . . . . . *Unpopular*
Defence, National. Harrington Emerson . . *Rev. of Rev.*
Delessé, Theophile. W. M. Fullerton . . . *World's Work*
Delusions. S. I. Franz . . . . . *Pop. Sc.*
Democracy, Academic Superstition and. Florence V. Keys . . . . . *Yale*
Democratic Party, Decline of the. E. E. Robinson . . . . . *Am. Jour. Soc.*
Diplomatic Service, Our. David J. Hill . . . . *Harper*
Disarmament, International. Arturo Labriola . . *Forum*
Divorce Laws, Our Chaotic . . . . . *Unpopular*
Dollar, A Compensated. Irving Fisher . . *Am. Econ. Rev.*
Drama, Our "Commercial." William C. de Mille . *Yale*
Dramatic Art. Thomas H. Dickinson . . . . . *Forum*
Dramatic Mob, Parables of the . . . . . *Unpopular*
Ductless Glands. Fielding H. Garrison . . . *Pop. Sc.*
Educated Man, The Passing of the . . . . . *Unpopular*
Education, The Nation's Adventures in . . . *Unpopular*
England, France, Russia, Germany — What You and I Owe to Them. William Hard . . . *Everybody's*
Escapes. Arthur C. Benson . . . . . *Century*
Europe's Dynastic Slaughter House. W. J. Roe . *Pop. Sc.*
Expansionist Fallacy, The . . . . . *Unpopular*
Experimentation, Animal — What It Has Done for Children. H. D. Chapin . . . . . *Pop. Sc.*
Feminism and Socialism . . . . . *Unpopular*
French, Soul of the. Samuel P. Orth . . . . *Century*
Front, My Day at the. Henry Beach Needham *Everybody's*
Geological Methods in Earlier Days. J. J. Stevenson *Pop. Sc.*
German Economics and the War. H. C. Emery . . *Yale*
German Point of View, The. J. H. Robinson . . *Century*
Germany, In. Frederick Palmer . . . . . *Everybody's*
Germany and Islam. Ameen Rihani . . . . *World's Work*
Good Feeling, A New Era of. L. Ames Brown . *Atlantic*
Harbor Voyages around New York. W. M. Thompson *Harper*
Hawthorne, Fifty Years of. Henry A. Beers . . . *Yale*
Hoof and Mouth Plague, The. R. W. Child . . *Metropolitan*
Hunt, W. M., Works of. Philip L. Hale . . . . *Scribner*
Irish Literary Movement, The. Padraic Colum . . *Forum*
Japan, Our Relations with. J. H. Latané *Am. Pol. Sc. Rev.*
Lithuanians in Chicago. Elizabeth Hughes *Am. Jour. Soc.*
"Movies," Class-Consciousness and the. W. P. Eaton . . . . . *Atlantic*
Municipal Affairs, Current. Alice M. Holden . . . . . *Am. Pol. Sc. Rev.*
Nature, From the Book of. W. K. Stone and C. L. Bull . . . . . *Century*
Naval Conflicts, The. J. M. Oskison . . . *World's Work*
Nietzsche in Action . . . . . *Unpopular*
Nikolas, Grand Duke. Basil Miles . . . . *World's Work*
Panama, South of — III. Edward A. Ross . . . *Century*
Papua: Cannibal Country. Norman Duncan . . *Harper*
Paris in Wartime. Estelle Loomis . . . . . *Century*
Paris in War Times. Mary K. Waddington . . . *Scribner*
Pasha, Enver, of Turkey. A. R. Bey . . . *World's Work*
Peace, Democracy and. Elihu Root . . . . *Rev. of Rev.*
Profession, The Choice of a. Robert L. Stevenson *Scribner*
Progress — What It Is . . . . . *Unpopular*
Psychical Research — II. . . . . *Unpopular*
Public Service Commissions. C. S. Duncan . . . *Forum*
Reform, America and. Walter Lippmann . . *Metropolitan*
8vo. New York: Graphic Text Book Co. Paper.
Religion and the Schools. Washington Gladden . *Atlantic*
Rheims during the Bombardment. R. H. Davis . *Scribner*
Russia and the Open Sea. E. D. Schoonmaker . . *Century*
Russia's Armies, Leaders of. Charles Johnston *Rev. of Rev.*
Russian History, Geography in. William E. Lingelbach . . . . . *Pop. Sc.*
Russian Problem, The. P. Vinogradoff . . . . . *Yale*
Sanitation, World, and the Panama Canal. R. P. Strong . . . . . *Yale*
Shakespeare, Worst Edition of. C. S. Brooks . . . *Yale*
Shaw, Anna Howard, Autobiography of — III. *Metropolitan*
Slavonic Ideals. C. G. Shaw . . . . . *Forum*
Socialism and War — II. Morris Hillquit . . *Metropolitan*
Sociology, Scientific Method in. F. S. Chapin *Am. Jour. Soc.*
Southey as Poet and Historian. T. R. Lounsbury . . *Yale*
State, An Endowment for the. Alvin S. Johnson . *Atlantic*
Trade Commission Act, The. W. H. S. Stevens . . . . . *Am. Econ. Rev.*
Transportation Companies. H. G. Brown . *Am. Econ. Rev.*
Treitschke, Political Teachings of. A. T. Hadley . . *Yale*
Tsingtau, The Sequel to Port Arthur. Gustavus Ohlinger . . . . . *Atlantic*
Turkey and the War. Roland G. Usher . . *World's Work*
Turkish Army, The. George Marvin . . . *World's Work*
Unemployed, Problem of the . . . . . *Unpopular*
Variability of Sexes at Birth, Comparative. Helen Montague and Leta S. Hollingworth . . *Am. Jour. Soc.*
Wages, Trend of Real. I. M. Rubinow . . *Am. Econ. Rev.*
War, After the. G. Lowes Dickinson . . . . *Atlantic*
War, America and the. "Norman Angell" . . . . *Yale*
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Biography and Reminiscences.

Emile Verhaeren. By Stefan Zweig. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 274 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2. net.

Life of Sir John Lubbock, Lord Avebury. By Horace G. Hutchinson. In 2 volumes; illustrated in photogravure, 8vo. Macmillan Co. $9. net.

The Life of Thomas B. Reed. By Samuel W. McCall. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 303 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky to His Family and Friends. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. With portrait, 8vo, 344 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

The New Movement in the Theatre. By Sheldon Cheney. Illustrated, large 8vo, 303 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $2. net.

The Relations of Shirley's Plays to the Elizabethan Drama. By Robert Stanley Forsythe, Ph.D. 8vo, 483 pages. Columbia University Press. $2. net.

The Oxford Book of American Essays. Chosen by Brander Matthews. 12mo, 508 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.25 net.

The Phases of Criticism: Historical and Aesthetic. By George Edward Woodberry. 8vo, 70 pages. Published for the Woodberry Society.

The Triple Ply of Life, and Other Essays. By Minnie B. Theobald. 12mo, 207 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Four Plays of the Free Theater. Translated, with Introduction, by Barrett H. Clark. 12mo, 257 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.50 net.

Children of Love. By Harold Monro. 12mo, 31 pages. London: The Poetry Bookshop. Paper.

Singsongs of the War. By Maurice Hewlett. 16mo, 23 pages. London: The Poetry Bookshop. Paper.

Remember Louvain! A Little Book of Liberty and War. Selected by E. V. Lucas. 16mo, 86 pages. Macmillan Co. Paper, 40 cts. net.

Oxford Garlands. Selected by R. M. Leonard. New volumes: Poems on Life; Echoes from the Classics; each 16mo. Oxford University Press.

The Wayside Shrine, and Other Poems. By Martha Elvira Pettus. With portrait, 12mo, 154 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

Phantasies. By Nanna Matthews Bryant. 18mo, 93 pages. Richard G. Badger.

Americana: One Hundred Poems of Progress. By John Curtis Underwood. 12mo, 153 pages. New York: Published by the author. $1. net.

FICTION.

Sinister Street. By Compton Mackenzie. 12mo, 658 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.35 net.

The Second Blooming. By W. L. George. 12mo, 438 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.

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